THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF JOHN WINCHCOMB, in his younger *yeares called* Jacke *of* Newberie, *the famous* and worthy Clothier of England: *declaring his life and love, together with his* charitable deeds and great hospitality;

And how hee set continually five *hundred poore people at worke, to the* great benefit of the Common-wealth: *worthy to be read and regarded.*

Now the ninth time Imprinted, corrected, and inlarged, by *T. D.*

Haud curo invidiam.

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert Young*, and are to be sold by *Cuthbert Wright*. 1633.

TO ALL FAMOUS

Cloath-workers in England, I wiſh all happineſſe of life, proſperity and *brotherly affection.*

AMong all manuall Arts uſed in this Land, none is more famous for deſert, or more beneficiall to the Commonwealth than is the moſt neceſſarie Art of Cloathing. And therefore as the benefit thereof is great, ſo are the profeſſors of the ſame to be both loved and maintained. Many wiſe men therfore, having deeply cõſidered the ſame, moſt bountifully have beſtowed their gifts for upholding of ſo excellent a commodity, which hath been, and yet is the nouriſhing of many thouſands of poore people. Wherefore to you moſt worthy Clothiers doe I dedicate this my rude work, which hath raiſed out of the duſt of forgetfulneſſe a moſt famous and worthy man, whoſe name was *John Winch-*

combe, alias *Jacke* of *Newberie*; of whoſe life and love I have briefly written, and in a plaine and humble maner, that it may be the better underſtood of thoſe for whoſe ſakes I take paines to compile it, that is, for the well minded Clothiers, that herein they may behold the great worſhip and credit which men of this trade have in former time come unto. If therefore it be of you kindly accepted, I have the end of my deſire, and thinke my paines well recompenced: and finding your gentlenes anſwering my hope, it ſhall move me ſhortly to ſet to your ſight the long hidden Hiſtorie of *Thomas* of *Redding*, *George* of *Gloceſter*, *Richard* of *Worceſter*, and *William* of *Salſburie*, with divers others, who were all moſt notable members in the Common-wealth of this Land, and men of great fame and dignitie. In the meane ſpace I commend you all to the moſt high God; who ever increaſe, in all perfection and proſperous eſtate, the long honoured trade of Engliſh Clothiers.

Yours in all humble ſervice,

T. D.

THE MOST PLEASant and delectable Hiſtorie of *John Winchcombe*, otherwiſe called *Jacke* of *Newberie*: and *firſt of his love and pleaſant life.*

CHAP. I.

IN the dayes of King Heny the eight, that moſt noble & victorious Prince, in the beginning of his reigne, John Winchcomb, a broad cloth Weaver, dwelt in Newberie, a towne in Barkſhire: who, for that he was a man of a merry diſpoſition, & honeſt converſation, was wondrous well beloved of Rich and Poore, eſpecially becauſe in every place where hée came, hée would ſpend his money with the beſt, and was not any time found a churle of his purſe: Wherefore béeing ſo good a companion, hée was called of old and young Jacke of Newberie: a man ſo generally well knowne in all his Countrey for his good fellowſhip, that hée could goe in no place but hée found acquaintance; by meanes whereof Jacke could no ſooner get a Crowne, but ſtraight hée found meanes to ſpend it: yet had he ever this care, that hée would alwayes keepe himſelfe in comely and decent apparell, neither at any time would hee be overcome in drinke, but ſo diſcréetly behave himſelfe with honeſt mirth, and pleaſant conceits, that hée was every Gentlemans companion.

After that Jacke had long led this pleaſant life, beeing (though he were but poore) in good eſtimation: it was his Maſters chance to die, and his Dame to be a Widow, who was a very comely auncient Woman, and of reaſonable Wealth. Wherefore ſhe, having a good opinion of her man John, committed unto his government the guiding of all her Workefolkes, for the ſpace of three yeares together: In which time ſhe found him ſo carefull and diligent, that all things came forward and proſpered wondrous well. No man could intice him from his buſineſſe all the weeke, by all the intreaty they could uſe: Inſomuch that in the end ſome of the wild youthes of the Towne began to deride and ſcoffe at him.

Doubtleſſe quoth one, I doubt ſome female ſpirit hath inchaunted Jack to his treadles, and conjured him within the compaſſe of his Loome, that he can ſtir no further. You ſay truth, quoth Jacke, and if you have the leiſure to ſtay til the Charme be done, the ſpace of five dayes & five nights, you ſhall find me readie to put on my holy day apparell, and on Sunday morning for your paines, I will give you a pot of Ale over againſt the Maypole. Nay, quoth another, Ile lay my life, that as the Salamander cannot live without the fire, ſo Jack cannot live without the ſmel of his Dames ſmocke. And I marvell, quoth Jacke, that you beeing of the nature of the Herring (which ſo ſoone as he is taken out of the Sea, ſtreight dayes) can live ſo long with your noſe out of the pot. Nay Jacke leave thy jeſting, quoth another, and goe along with us, thou ſhalt not ſtay a jot. And becauſe I will not ſtay nor make you a lyer (quoth Jacke) Ile keepe me here ſtill: and ſo farewell.

Thus then they departed, and after they had for halfe a ſcore times tried him to this intent, and ſaw he would not be led by their lure, they left him to his owne will. Neverthelleſſe, every Sunday in the afternoone, and every Holy day, Jacke would keepe them companie, and bee as merrie as a Pie, and having ſtil good ſtore of money in his purſe, one or other would ever be borrowing of him, but never could hee

get

get pennie of it againe: which when Jacke perceiued, hee would neuer after carry aboue twelue pence at once in his purſe, and that being ſpent, he would ſtreight returne home merily, taking his leaue of the company in this ſort.

My Maſters I thanke you, tis time to pack home,
For he that wants money is counted a Mome:
And twelue pence a Sunday being ſpent in good cheare,
To fifty two ſhillings amounts in the yeare.
Enough for a crafts man that lives by his hands,
And he that exceedes it ſhall purchaſe no lands.
For that I ſpend this day, Ile worke hard to morrow,
For woe is that party that ſeeketh to borrow.
My money doth make me full merry to be,
And without my money none careth for me:
Therefore wanting money, what ſhould I doe heere,
But haſte home, and thanke you for all my good cheere?

Thus was Jacks good gouernment and diſcretion noted of the beſt and ſubſtantialleſt men of the Towne, ſo that it wrought his great commendation, and his Dame thought her ſelfe not a little bleſt to haue ſuch a ſeruant, that was ſo obedient vnto her, and ſo carefull for her profit; for ſhee had neuer a Prentiſe that yelded her more obedience than hee did, or was more dutifull: ſo that by his good example, he did as much good as by his diligent labour and trauaile: which his ſingular vertue being noted by the Widow, ſhe began to caſt very good countenance to her man John, and to vſe very much talke with him in priuate: and firſt by way of communication, ſhe would tell vnto him what ſuters ſhe had, and the great offers they made her, what gifts they ſent her, and the great affection they bare her, craving his opinion in the matter.

When Jacke found the fauour to be his dames Secretarie, he thought it an extraordinary kindneſſe: and ghеſſing by the yarne it would proue a good Web, began to queſtion with his dame in this ſort. Although it becommeth not me your ſeruant to prie into your ſecrets, nor to be buſie about matters of your loue: yet for ſo much as it hath pleaſed you

to

to use conference with me in those causes, I pray you let me intreat you to know their names that be your suters, and of what profession they be.

Marrie John (saith she) that you shall, and I pray thée take a cushion and sit downe by me. Dame (quoth he) I thanke you, but there is no reason I should sit on a cushion till I have deserved it. If thou hast not, thou mightest have done, said she: but saint souldiers never find favour. John replied, that makes me indéede to want favour: for I durst not trie Maydens, because they séeme coy, nor Wives, for feare of their Husbands, nor widows, doubting their disdainfulnesse. Tush John (quoth she) he that feares and doubts Womankind, cannot be counted Mankind: and take this for a principle, all things are not as they séeme: but let us leave this, and procéede to our former matter. My first suter dwels at Wallingford, by Trade a Tanner, a man of good wealth, and his name is Crafts, of comely personage, and very good behaviour, a Widdower, well thought of amongst his neighbours: he hath proper land, a faire house and well furnished, and never a childe in the world, and he lowes mée passing well. Why then Dame quoth John, you were best to have him. Is that your opinion, quoth she? now trust me so it is not mine. For I finde two speciall reasons to the contrary: the one is, that he being overwome in yeares makes me overloath to love him: and the other, that I know one nérer hand.

Beléeve me dame (quoth Jack) I perceive store is no sore, & prosered ware is worse by ten in the hundred than that which is sought: but I pray ye who is your second suter? John, quoth she, it may séeme immodestly in me to bewray my lowes secrets: yet séeing thy discretion, & being perswaded of thy secrecy, I will shew thée: the other is a man of middle years, but yet a Batcheler, by occupation a Taylor, dwelling at Hungerford: by report a very good husband, such a one as hath crownes good store, and to me he professes much good will, for his person he may please any woman. I dame, quoth John, because he pleaseth you. Not so, said she, for my eies are

unpartiall

unpartiall Iudges in that case: and albeit my opinion may be contrary to others, if his Art deceiue not my eye-sight, he is worthy of a good wife, both for his person and conditions. Then trust me Dame (quoth John) for so much as you are without doubt of your selfe that you will proue a good wife, and so well perswaded of him, I should thinke you could make no better choise. Truly John (quoth she) there is also two reasons that moue me not to like of him: the one, that being so long a ranger, he would at home be a stranger: and the other, that I like better of one nearer hand. Who is that, quoth Jacke? Saith she, the third Suter is the Parson of Spinhome-land, who hath a proper liuing, he is of holy conuersation and good estimation, whose affection to me is great. No doubt Dame (quoth John) you may do wonderous well with him, where you shall haue no care but to serue GOD and to make ready his meate. O John (quoth she) the flesh and the spirit agrées not, for he will be so bent to his booke, that he will haue little minde of his bed: for one moneths studying for a Sermon, will make him forget his wife a whole yéere. Truely Dame (quoth John) I must néeds speake in his behalfe, and the rather, for that he is a man of the Church, and your néere neighbor, to whom (as I ghesse) you beare the best affection: I doe not thinke that he will be so much bound to his booke, or subiect to the spirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well John (quoth she) I wis my minde is not that way, for I like better of one nearer hand. No marvell (quoth Jacke) you are so peremptory, seeing you haue so much choise: but I pray you Dame (quoth he) let mée know this fortunate man, that is so highly placed in your fauour. John (quoth shée) they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot kéep something: that man (I tell thee) must goe nameless: for he is Lord of my loue, and King of my desires: there is neither Tanner, Taylor, nor Parson, may compare with him: his presence is a preseruatiue to my health, his sweete smiles my hearts solace, and his words heavenly musike to my eares. Why then Dame (quoth John) for your bodies health, your hearts ioy, and your eares delight, delay

not the time, but entertaine him with a kisse, make his bed next yours, and chop up the match in the morning. Well, quoth she, I perceive thy consent is quickely got to any, having no care how I am matcht, so I be matcht: Iwis, Iwis, I could not let thée goe so lightly, being loth that any one should have thée, except I could lode her as well as my selfe. I thanke you for your kindnesse and god will god Dame, quoth hée: but it is not wisedome for a young man that can scantly keepe himselfe, to take a wife: therefore I hold it the best way to lead a single life: for I have heard say, that many sorrowes follow marriage, especially where want remaines: & besides, it is a hard matter to finde a constant woman: for as young maides are sickle, so are old women jealous: the one a griefe too common, the other a torment intolerable. What John (quoth she) consider that maidens sicklenesse proceedes of vaine fancies, but old womens jealousie of superabounding lode, and therefore the more to be borne withall. But Dame, quoth hée, many are jealous without cause: for is it sufficient for their mistrusting natures to take exceptions at a shadow, at a word, at a loke, at a smile, nay, at the twinkle of an eye, which neither man nor woman is able to expell? I knew a woman that was readie to hang her selfe, for séeing but her husbands shirt hang on a hedge with her maides smocke. I grant that this furie may haunt some, quoth thé, yet there is many other that complaine not without great cause. Why, is there any cause that should move jealousie, quoth John? I by S. Mary is there, quoth she: for would it not grieve a woman (being one every way able to delight her husband) to sée him forsake her, despise & contemne her, being never so merry as when he is in other company, sporting abroad from morning till none, from none till night; and when he comes to bed, if he turne to his wife, it is in such sullennesse, & wearisome drowsie lamenesse; that it brings rather lothsomenesse than any delight: can you then blame a woman in this case to be angrie and displeased? Ile tell you what, among brute beasts it is a griefe intolerable: for I heard my Grandame tell, that the Bel-weather of her

flocke

flocke fancying one of the Calues aboue the reſt, and ſeing Gratis the Shepheard abuſing her in abhominable ſort (ſubuerting the law of Nature) could by no meanes beare that abuſe; but watching opportunity for reuenge, on a time found the ſaid Shepheard ſleeping in the field, and ſuddenly ranne againſt him in ſuch violent ſort, that by the force of his vnreathed hornes, he beat the braines out of the Shepheards head and ſlue him. If then a Sheepe could not indure that iniurie, thinke not that women are ſo sheepiſh to ſuffer it. Beleeue me (quoth John) if euery horne-maker ſhould be ſo plagued by a horned beaſt, there ſhould be leſſe hornes made in Newberie by many in a yeare. But Dame (quoth he) to make an end of this prattle, becauſe it is an argument too deepe to bee diſcuſſed betweene you and I, you ſhall heare me ſing an old ſong, and ſo we will depart to ſupper.

A maiden faire I dare not wed,
For feare to haue *Actæons* head.
A maiden blacke is often proude:
A maiden little will be loud.
A maiden that is high of groath,
They ſay is ſubiect vnto ſloath.
Thus faire or foule, yea little or tall,
Some faults remaine among them all.
But of all the faults that be,
None is ſo bad as jealouſie.
For jealouſie is fierce and fell,
And burnes as hot as fire in hell:
It breeds ſuſpicion without cauſe,
And breakes the bonds of reaſons lawes.
To none it is a greater foe,
Than vnto thoſe where it doth grow.
And God keepe me both day and night,
From that fell, fond, and vgly ſpright:
For why, of all the plagues that be,
The ſecret plague is jealouſie.
Therefore I wiſh all women kind,
Never to beare a jealous minde.

Well said John (quoth he) thy song is not so true, but thy voyce is as sweete: but seeing the time agrées with our Lo-macks, though loth, yet will we giue ouer for this time, and betake our selues to our suppers. Then calling the rest of her seruants, they fell to their meate merrily, and after supper, the Goodwife went abroade for her recreation, to walke awhile with one of her neighbours. And in the meane space John got him vp into his chamber, & there began to meditate on this matter, bethinking with himselfe what he were best to doe: for well he perceiued that his Dames affection was great towards him: knowing therefore the womans disposition, and withall that her estate was reasonable good, and considering beside that he should find a house ready furnished, seruants readie taught, and all other things for his trade necessarie, he thought it best not to let slip that good occasion, lest he should neuer come to the like. But againe, when hée considered her yeares to be vnfitting to his youth, and that shée that sometime had béen his Dame, would (perhaps) disdaine to be gouerned by him that had béen her poore seruant, that it would proue but a bad bargaine, doubting many inconueniences that might grow thereby, he therefore resolued to be silent, rather than to proceede further: wherefore he got him streight to bed, and the next morning setled himselfe close to his businesse. His Dame comming home, and hearing that her man was gone to bed, toke that night but small rest, and early in the morning hearing him vp at his worke merrily singing, shée by and by arose, and in séemely sort attyzing her selfe, shée came into the worke-shop and sat her down to make quils. Quoth John, Good morrow Dame, how doe you to day? God a mercie John (quoth she) euen as well as I may: for I was sore troubled in my Dreames. Shée thought two Doues walked together in a corne field, the one (as it were) in communication with the other, without regard of pecking vp any thing to sustaine themselues: and after they had with many nods spent some time to their content, they both fell hard, with their prettie bils, to pecke vp the scattered corne, left by the weary Reapers

pers hand. At length (finding themselves satisfied) it chanced another Pigeon to light in that place, with whom one of the first Pigeons at length kept companie: and after, returning to the place where she left her first companion, perceiving he was not there, she kindly searching up and downe the high stubble to finde him, lighted at length on a hogge fast a-sleep, wherewith me thought the poore Dove was so dismaid, that presently she fell downe in a trannce. I seeing her legges faile and her wings quiver, yelding her selfe to death, moved with pittie, ran unto her, and thinking to take up the Pigeon, mée thought I had in my hands my owne heart, wherein mée thought an arrow stucke so deep, that the blood trickled downe the shaft, and lay upon the feathers like the silver pearled dewe on the grene greasle, which made me to weepe most bitterlie. But presently me thought there came one to me crowned like a Queene, who told me my heart would die, except in time I got some of that sleeping Hogges greace to heale the wounds thereof. Whereupon I ranne in all haste to the Hog, with my heart bleeding in my hand, who (me thought) grunted at mée in most churlish sort, and vanisht out of my sight. Whereupon comming straight home, me thought I found this Hog rustling among my Lomes, wherewith I presently awaked, suddainely after midnight, being all in a sweat and very ill: and I am sure you could not chuse but heare me groane. Trust mée Dame I heard you not (quoth John) I was so sound a-sleep. And thus (quoth she) a woman may die in the night before you will have the care, to see what she ailes or aske what she lackes. But truly John (quoth she) all is one, for if thou shouldest have come, thou couldest not have got in, because my chamber doore was lockt: but while I live, this shall teach mée wit, for henceforth I will have no other locke but a latch, till I am married. Then Dame (quoth he) I perceive though you be curious in your choise, yet at length you will marrie. I truely (quoth she) so thou wilt not hinder mée. Who I, quoth John? on my faith Dame not for a hundred pounds, but rather will further you to the uttermost of my power. Indéede

(quoth she) thou hast no reason to shew any discourtesie to me in that matter, although some of our neighbours doe not sticke to say, that I am sure to thee already. If it were so (quoth John) there is no cause to denie it, or to be ashamed thereof, knowing my selfe farre unworthy of so high a favour. Well, let this talke rest, quoth shee, and take there thy quils, for it is time for me to goe to market.

Thus the matter rested for two or three dayes, in which space she daily devised which way she might obtaine her desire, which was to marrie her man. Many things came in her head, and sundrie sleights in her minde, but none of them did fit her fancy, so that she became wondrous sad, and as civill as the nine Sibyls; and in this melancholie humour she continued three weekes or a moneth, till at last it was her lucke upon a Bartholmew day (having a Fayre in the towne) to spye her man John give a paire of Gloves to a proper maide for a Favour, which the mayden with a bashfull modestie kindely accepted, and requited it with a kisse: which kindled in her an inward jealousie: but notwithstanding very discreetly shee covered it, and closely past along unspied of her man or the maide.

She had not gone farre but she met with one of her Sutors, namely the Taylor, who was very fine and briske in his apparell, and needes he would bestow the wine upon the Widow: and after some faint deniall, meeting with a Gossip of hers, to the Taverne they went, which was more courtesie than the Taylor could ever get of her before, shewing her selfe very pleasant and merrie: and finding her in such a pleasing humour, the Taylor after a new quart of wine renewed his olde suite: the Widow with patience heard him, and gently answered, that in respect of his great good will long time borne unto her, as also in regard of his gentlenesse, cost and curtesie at that present bestowed, shee would not flatly denie him. Therefore (quoth shee) seeing this is not a place to conclude of such matters in, I may intreate you to come to my poore house on Thursday next, you shall be heartily welcome, and be further satisfied of my minde: and thus

preferred

preferred to a touch of her lips, hée payde the shot and departed. The Taylor was scant out of sight, when she met with the Tanner: who albeit he was aged, yet lustily he saluted her, and to the wine she must, there was no nay. The Widowe séeing his importunacie, calles her gossip, and along they walked together. The olde man called for wine plentie, and the best cheere in the house: and in heartie manner hée bids the Widow welcome. They had not sitten long, but in comes a noyse of musitians in tawnie coates, who (putting off their caps) asked if they would have any Musicke. The Widow answered no, they were merrie enough. Tut, quoth the olde man, let us heare good fellowes what ye can doe, and plaie me The beginning of the World. Alas, quoth the Widow, you had more need to hearken to the ending of the world. Why Widow, quoth he, I tell thée the beginning of the world was the begetting of Children: and if you finde me faultie in that occupation, turne mée out of the bed for a bungler, and then sende for the Sexton. He had no sooner spoke the word, but the Parson of Speen with his corner cap popt in at the doore, who séeing the Widow sitting at the table, craved pardon, and came in. Quoth shée, for want of the Sexton, héere is the Priest if you néede him. Mary (quoth the Tanner) in good time, for by this meanes we need not go farre to be married. Sir quoth the Parson, I shall doe my best in convenient place. Wherein, quoth the Tanner? To wed her my selfe, quoth the Parson. Nay soft, sayd the Widow, one Swallow makes not a Sommer, nor one méeting a marriage: as I lighted on you unlookt for, so came I hither unprovided for the purpose. I trust, quoth the Tanner, you came not without your eyes to sée, your tongue to speak, your eares to heare, your hands to féele, nor your legs to goe. I brought my eyes, quoth she, to discerne colours, my tongue to say No to questions I like not, my hands to thrust from me the things that I love not, my eares to judge twixt flatterie & friendship, & my féet to run from such as would wrong me. Why then, quoth the Parson, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident that here are none but such as you like

and love. God forbid I ſhould hate my friends (quoth the widdow) whom I take all theſe in this place to be. But, there is diuers ſorts of loue, quoth the Parſon. You ſay truth, quoth the Widdow: I loue your ſelfe for your profeſſion, and my friend the Tanner, for his courteſie and kindneſſe, and the reſt for their good company. Yet (quoth the Parſon) for the explaining of your loue, I pray you drinke to him you loue beſt in the compaſſe. Why (quoth the Tanner) haue you any hope of her loue? Beléeue me (ſaith the Parſon) as much as another. Why then Parſon ſit down, ſaid the Tanner: for, you that are equall with me in deſire, ſhal ſurely be halfe with me in the ſhot: and ſo Widdow, on Gods name fulfill the Parſons requeſt. Séeing (quoth the Widdow) you are ſo pleaſantly bent, if my courteſie might not breed contention betweene you, and that I may haue your fauour to ſhew my fancie, I will fulfill your requeſt. Quoth the Parſon, I am pleaſed howſoeuer it be. And I, quoth the Tanner. Why then (quoth ſhe) with this cup of Claret wine and Sugar, I heartily drinke to the Pinkrels boy. Why, is it he you loue beſt, quoth the Parſon? I haue reaſon, ſaid ſhe, to like and loue them beſt, that will be leaſt offended with my doings. Nay Widdow (quoth they) we meant you ſhould drinke to him whom you loued beſt in the way of marriage. Quoth the Widdow, you ſhould haue ſaid ſo at firſt: but, to tell you my opinion, it is ſmall diſcretion for a woman to diſcloſe her ſecret affection in an open aſſembly: therefore, if to that purpoſe you ſpake, let me intreate you both to come home to my houſe on Thurſday next, where you ſhall be heartily welcome, and there be fully reſolued of my mind: And ſo, with thankes at this time, Ile take my leaue. The ſhot being paid, and the Muſitians pleaſed, they all departed, the Tanner to Wallingford, the Parſon to Speen, and the widdow to her own houſe: where in her wonted ſolemneſſe ſhe ſetled her ſelfe to her buſineſſe.

Againſt Thurſday ſhe preſt her houſe fine and braue, and ſet her ſelfe in her beſt apparell: the Taylor nothing forgetting his promiſe, ſent to the Widdow a good fat Pigge, and a

Goſe,

Goose. The Parson being as mindfull as shee, sent to her house a couple of fat Rabbets and a Capon: and the Tanner came himselfe, and brought a good shoulder of Mutton, and halfe a dozen Chickens, beside hee brought a good gallon of Sacke, and halfe a pound of the best sugar. The Widow received this good meate, set her maide to dresse it incontinent, and when dinner time drew neere, the Table was covered, and every other thing provided in convenient and comely sort.

At length the guests being come, the Widow bade them all heartily welcome. The Priest and the Tanner seeing the Taylor, mused what he made there: the Taylor on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence. Thus looking strangely one at another, at length the widow came out of the kitchin, in a faire traine gowne stucke full of silver pinnes, a fine white cap on her head, with cuts of curious needle worke under the same, and an apron before her as white as the driven snow: then very modestly making curtsie to them all, shee requested them to sit downe. But they straining curtesie the one with the other, the Widow with a smilling countenance, tooke the Parson by the hand, saying: Sir, as you stand highest in the Church, so is it meete you should sit highest at the Table: and therefore I pray you sit downe there on the bench side. And Sir said she to the Tanner, as age is to be honoured before youth for their experience, so are they to sit above Batchelers for their gravitie: and so she set him downe on this side the Table, over against the Parson. Then comming to the Taylor, she said; Batcheler, though your lot be the last, your welcome is equall with the first: and seeing your place points out it selfe, I pray you take a cushion and sit downe. And now (quoth shee) to make the word equall, and because it hath beene an old saying, that three things are to small purpose, if the fourth be away: if so it may stand with your favour, I will call in a Gossip of mine to supplie this voide place. With a good will, quoth they. With that she brought in an olde women with scant ever a good tooth in her head, and placed her right against

the Bachelor. Then was the meate brought to the boarde in due order by the Widowes servants, her man John being chiefest servitor. The Widow sate downe at the Tables end betweene the Parson and the Tanner, who in very good sort carved meate for them all, her man John waiting on the table.

After they had sitten a while, & wel refreshed themselves, the Widow taking a Christall glasse filld with claret Wine, drunke unto the whole companie, and bade them welcome. The Parson pledged her, and so did all the rest in due order; but still in their companie the cup past over the poore old womans nose: insomuch that at length the olde Woman (in a merrie veine) spake thus unto the companie: I have had much good meate among you; but as for the drinke I can nothing commend it. Alas good Gossip (quoth the Widow) I perceive no man hath drunke to thee yet. No truly, quoth the old Woman, for Churchmen have so much mind of young Rabbets, old men such joy in young Chickens, and Batchelors in Pigs flesh take such delight, that an old Sow, a tough Hennе, or a gray Cony are not accepted: and so it is seene by me, else I should have been better remembred. Well, olde woman, quoth the Person, take here the leg of a Capon to stop thy mouth. Now by S. Anne I dare not, quoth she. Wherefore said the Parson: Marrie for feare lest you should goe home with a Cruch, quoth she. The Taylor sayd, then taste here a peece of Goose. Now God forbid, sayd the olde Woman, let Goose goe to his kinde: you have a young stomacke, eat it your selfe, and much good may it doe your heart, sweete young man. The old woman lacks most of her teeth, quoth the Tanner, and therefore a peece of tender Chicke is fittest for her. If I did lacke as many of my teeth, quoth the old woman, as you lacke points of good husbandrie, I doubt I should starve before it were long. At this the Widow laught heartily, and the men were stricken into such a dumpe, that they had not a word to say. Dinner being ended, the widow with the rest rose from the Table, and after they had sitten a prittie while merrily talking, the Widow

called

called her man John to bring her a bowle of frothy ale, which he did. Then said the Widow: My maisters, now for your courteste and cost I heartily thanke you all, and in requitall of all your favour, love and good will, I drinke to you, giving you free libertie when you please to depart. At these words her suters looked so sowrely one upon another, as if they had beene newly champing of Crabs. Which when the Taylor heard, shaking up himselfe in his new russet Jerkin, and setting his hat on one side, he began to speake thus. I trust sweete widow (quoth he) you remember to what end my comming was hither to day. I have long time beene a suter unto you, and this day you promised to give me a direct answer. Tis true, quoth she, and so I have: for your love I give you thankes, and when you please you may depart. Shall I not have you, said the Taylor? Alas (quoth the Widow) you come too late. Good friend (quoth the Tanner) it is manners for young men to let their elders be served before them: to what end should I be here if the widow should have thee? a flat denaill is meete for a sancie suter: but what saiest thou to me, faire Widow (quoth the Tanner)? Sir, said she, because you are so sharpe set, I would wish you as soon as you can to wed. Appoint the time your selfe, quoth the Tanner. Even allone (quoth she) as you can get a Wife, and hope not after mee, for I am already promised. Now Tanner you may take your place with the Taylor, quoth the Parson, for indeede the Widow is for no man but my selfe. Maister Parson (quoth she) many have runne neere the goale, and yet lost the game, and I cannot helpe it though your hope be in vaine: besides, Parsons are but newly suffered to have wives, and for my part I will have none of the first head. What (quoth the Taylor) is your merriment growne to this reckoning? I never spent a Pig and a Goose to so bad a purpose before: I promise you when I came in, I verily thought that you were invited by the Widowe to make her and me sure together, and that the jolly Tanner was brought to bee a witnesse to the contract, and the olde Woman fetcht in for the same purpose: else I would

never have put up so many idle bobs at her hands. And surely, quoth the Tanner, I knowing thee to be a Taylor, did assuredly thinke that thou wast appointed to come and take measure for our wedding apparell. But now we are all deceived, quoth the Parson, and therefore as we came fooles, so we may depart hence like asses. That is as you interpret the matter, said the Widow: for I ever doubting that a concluding answer would breed a farre in the end among you every one, I thought it better to be done at one instant, and in mine owne house, than at sundry times and in common Tavernes: and as for the meate you sent, as it was unrequested of me, so had you your part thereof, and if you thinke good to take home the remainder, prepare your wallets and you shall have it. Nay Widow, quoth they, although we have lost our labours, we have not altogether lost our manners: that which you have, keepe, and God send to us better lucke, and to you your hearts desire, and with that they departed.

The Widow being glad she was thus rid of her guests, when her man John with all the rest sate at supper, she sitting in a chaire by, spake thus unto them. Well my masters, you saw that this day your poore Dame had her choise of husbands, if she had listed to marrie, and such as would have loved and maintained her like a woman. 'Tis true, quoth John, and I pray God you have not withstood your best fortune. Trust me (quoth she) I know not, but if I have, I may thanke mine owne foolish fancie.

Thus it past on from Bartholomewtide, till it was neere Christmas, at what time the weather was so wonderfull colde, that all the running Rivers round about the Towne were frozen very thicke. The Widow being very loth any longer to lie without companie, in a colde winters night made a great fire, and sent for her man John: having also prepared a chaire and a cushion, she made him sit downe therein, and sending for a pinte of good Sacke, they both went to supper.

In the end bed time comming on, she caused her maide

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in a merriment to plucke off his hose and shoes, and caused him to bee laide in his maisters best bed, standing in the best Chamber, hung round about with very faire curtaines. John being thus preferred, thought himselfe a Gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labour and a good supper, quickly fell a sleepe.

About midnight, the Widow being cold on her feet, crept into her mans bed to warme them. John feeling one lift up the cloathes, asked who was there: O good John it is I, quoth the widow, the night is so extreme cold, and my Chamber walles so thin, that I am like to be starved in my bed: therefore rather than I would any way hazzard my health, I thought it much better to come hither and trie your curtesie, to have a little roome beside you.

John being a kinde young man would not say her nay, and so they spent the rest of the night both together in one bed. In the morning betime she rose up and made her selfe readie, and willed her man John to runne and fetch her a linke with all speede: for, quoth she, I have earnest businesse to doe this morning. Her man did so. Which done, shee made him to carrie the Linke before her, untill she came to S. Bartholomewes Chappel, where Sir John the Priest with the Clearke and Sexton, stode watting for her. John, quoth she, turne into the Chappell, for before I goe further, I will make my prayers to S. Bartholmew, so shall I speed the better in my businesse. When they were come in, the Priest according to his order came to her, and asked where the Bridegroome was: Quoth she, I thought he had beene here before me. Sir (quoth she) I will sit downe and say over my beades, and by that time he will come. John mused at this matter, to see that his Dame should so suddainly be married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The Widow rising from her prayers, the Priest told her that the Bridegroome was not yet come. Is it true, quoth the widow: I promise you I will stay no longer for him if he were as good as George a Green, and therefore dispatch, quoth shee, and marrie mee to my man

John. Why Dame (quoth he) you do but jeſt I trowe. John (quoth ſhe) I jeſt not, for ſo I meane it ſhall bee, & ſtand not ſtrangely, but remember that you did promiſe mee on your faith not to hinder me, when I came to the Church to be married, but rather to ſet it forward: therefore ſet your link aſide, and give me your hand, for none but you ſhall be my husband. John ſéeing no remedy, conſented, becauſe he ſaw the matter could not otherwiſe be amended; and married they were preſently. When they were come home, John entertained his Dame with a kiſſe: which the other ſervants ſéeing, thought him ſomething ſawcie. The Widow cauſed the beſt chéere in the houſe to be ſet on the Table, and to breakfaſt they went, cauſing her new husband to be ſet in a chaire at the Tables end, with a faire napkin laid on his trencher: then ſhee called out the reſt of her ſervants, willing them to ſit downe and take part of their good cheere. They wondering to ſée their fellow John ſit at the tables end in their old maſters chaire, began heartily to ſmile, & then openly laughed at the matter, eſpecially becauſe their Dame ſo kindly ſate by his ſide: which ſhe perceiving, aſked if that were all the manners they could ſhew before their maſter: I tell you quoth ſhe, he is my husband, for this morning we were married, and therefore hence forward looke you acknowledge your duty towards him. The folks looked one upon another, marvelling at this ſtrange newes. Which when John perceived, he ſaid: My maſters muſe not at all: for although by Gods providence and your Dames favour, I am preferred from being your fellow to be your Maſter, I am not thereby ſo much puft up in pride, that any way I will forget my former eſtate: Notwithſtanding, ſéeing I am now to hold the place of a Maſter, it ſhall be wiſedome in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am; and in doing your diligence, you ſhall have no cauſe to repent that God made me your maſter. The ſervants hearing this, as alſo knowing his good government before time, paſt their peares with him in dutifull manner.

The

The next day, the report was ouer all the Towne, that Jacke of Newberie had married his Dame: so that when the Woman walked abroad, euery one bade God giue her ioy: some said that she was matcht to her sorrow, saying, that so lustie a young man as he, would neuer loue her being so ancient. Whereupon the Woman made answer, that shee would take him downe in his wedding shoes, and would trie his patience in the prime of his lustinesse: whereunto many of her Gossips did likewise encourage her. Euery day therefore for the space of a moneth after shée was married, it was her ordinarie custome, to goe forth in the morning among her gossips and acquaintance to make merrie, and not to returne home till night, without any regarde of her household. Of which, at her comming home, her husband did very oftentimes admonish her in very gentle sort, shewing what great inconuenience would grow thereby: the which sometime shée would take in gentle part, and sometime in disdaine, saying;

I am now in very good case, that he which was my seruant but the other day, will now be my master: this it is for a Woman to make her sute her head. The day hath béene when I might haue gone forth when I would, and come in againe when it had pleased me, without controlement: and now I must bée subiect to euery Jackes checke. I am sure (quoth shée) that by my gadding abroad, & carelesse spending, I waste no goods of thine. I pitying thy pouertie, made thee a man and master of the house, but not to the end I would become thy slaue. I scorne, I tell thée true, that such a youngling as thy selfe should correct my conceit, and giue mée instructions, as if I were not able to guide my selfe: but yfaith, yfaith, you shall not vse me like a babe, nor bridle me like an Asse: and séeing my going abroad grieues thée, where I haue gone forth one day, I will goe abroad thrée, and for one houre I will stay fiue. Well (quoth her husband) I trust you will be better aduised: and with that he went from her about his businesse, leauing her sweating in her fustian furies.

Thus

Thus the time past on, till on a certaine day she had beene abroad in her wonted manner, and staying forth very late, he shut the doores, and went to bed. About midnight she comes to the doore and knocks to come in: to whom he looking out of the window, answered in this sort.

What, is it you that keepe such a knocking? I pray you get hence, and request the Constable to provide you a bed, for this night you shall have no lodging heere. I hope, quoth she, you will not shut me out of doores like a dogge, or let me lie in the streetes like a strumpet. Whether like a dogge or drab, quoth hee, all is one to me, knowing no reason but that as you have stayed out all day for your delight, so you may lie forth all night for my pleasure. Both birdes and beastes, at the nights approach, prepare to their rest, and observe a convenient time to returne to their habitation. Looke but upon the poore spider, the frogge, the flie, and every other silly wormе, and you shall see all these observe time to returne to their home: & if you being a woman will not doe the like, content your selfe to beare the brunt of your owne folly, and so farewell.

The Woman hearing this, made piteous moane, and in very humble sort intreated him to let her in, and to pardon this offence, and while she lived vowed never to doe the like. Her husband at length beeing moved with pitie towards her, slipt on his shoes and came downe in his shirt: the doore being opened, in she went quaking, and as hee was about to locke it againe, in very sorrowfull manner she said; Alacke husband, what hap have I? My wedding Ring was even now in my hand, and I have let it fall about the doore, good sweete John come forth with the Candle, & help me to seeke it. The man incontinent did so, and while he sought for that which was not there to be found, she whipt into the house, and quickely clapping to the doore, she lockt her husband out. He stood calling with the candle in his hand to come in, but shee made as if she heard not. Anon shee went up into her chamber, and carried the key with her: but when hee saw she would not answer, hee presently began to knocke as loud

as

as he could at the dore. At last she thrust her head out at the window, saying: who is there? Tis I, quoth John, what meane you by this? I pray you come downe and open the dore that I may come in.

What sir, quoth shée, is it you? have you nothing to doe but daunce about the stréetes at this time of night, and like a Spirit of the Butterie hunt after Crickets? are you so hote that the house cannot hold you? Nay I pray thée sweet heart quoth he, do not gybe any longer, but let me in. O sir, remember, quoth she, how you stood even now at the widow, like a Judge on the Bench, and in taunting sort kept me out of my owne house. How now Jacke, am I even with you? What John my man, were you so lustie to locke your Dame out of dores? Sirra, remember you bad me goe to the Constable to get lodging, now you have leysure to trie if his wife will preferre you to a bed. You sir sawce, that made me stand in the colde, till my féete did fréeze, and my téeth chatter, while you stood preaching of birds and beasts, telling mée a tale of spiders, flyes, and frogges: goe trie now if any of them will be so friendly to let thée have lodging. Why go you not man? feare not to speake with them, for I am sure you shall finde them at home: thinke not they are such ill husbands as you, to be abroad at this time of night.

With this Johns patience was greatly moved, insomuch that he déepely swore, that if shée would not let him in, hée would breake downe the dore. Why John, quoth shée, you néede not be so hote, your clothing is not so warme: and because I thinke this will be a warning unto ye against another time, how you shut me out of my house, catch, there is the key, come in at thy pleasure, and looke thou goe to bed to thy fellowes, for with me thou shalt not lie to night. With that shée clapt too the casement, and got her to bed, locking the chamber dore fast. Her husband that knew it was in vaine to séeke to come into her chamber, and béeing no longer able to endure the cold, got him a place among his Prentizes, and there slept soundly. In the morning his wife

rose betime, and merrily made him a Caudle, and bringing it up to his bed, asked him how he did?

Quoth John, troubled with a shrew, who the longer shee lives the worse shee is: and as the people of Illyris kill men with their lookes, so shee kils her husbands heart with untoward conditions. But trust me wife, quoth hee, seeing I finde you of such crooked qualities, that (like the Spider) ye turne the sweete flowers of good counsell into venemous poyson, from henceforth I will leave you to your owne wilfulnes, and neither bere my minde, nor trouble my selfe to restraine you: the which if I had wisely done last night, I had kept the house in quiet, and my selfe from cold. Husband (quoth shee) thinke that women are like Starlings, that will burst their gall before they will yeelde to the Fowler: or like the Fish Scolopendra, that cannot be toucht without danger. Notwithstanding, as the hard steele doth yeelde to the hammers stroke, being used to his kind, so will women to their husbands, where they are not too much crost. And seeing ye have sworne to give me my will, I vow likewise that my wilfulnesse shall not offend you. I tell you husband, the noble nature of women is such, that for their loving friends they will not sticke (like the Pellican) to pierce their owne hearts to do them good. And therefore forgiving each other all injuries past, having also tride one anothers patience, let us quench these burning coales of contention, with the sweete juice of a faithfull kisse, and shaking hands, bequeath all our anger to the eating up of this Caudle. Her husband contenteth consented: and after this time, they lived long together, in most godly, loving and kind sort, till in the end the dyed, leaving her husband wondrous wealthie.

CHAP. II.

Of *Jacke* of *Newberie* his great wealth, and number of servants: and also how he brought the Queene *Katherine* two hundred and fiftie men prepared for the warre at his owne cost against the king of Scots at *Flodden field*.

NOw Jacke of Newberie being a widower, had the choice of many wives, mens daughters of good credit, and widowes of great wealth. Notwithstanding he bent his onely like to one of his owne servants, whom he had tried in the guiding of his house a yere or two: and knowing her to be carefull in her business, faithfull in her dealing, & an excellent good huswife, thought it better to have her with nothing, than some other with much treasure. And beside, as her qualities were good, so was she of very comely personage, of a sweete labour, and faire complexion. In the end he opened his minde unto her, and craved her good will. The maid (though she tooke this motion kindly) said she would do nothing without consent of her parents. Whereupon a Letter was writ to her Father, being a poore man dwelling at Alisburie in Buckinghamshire: who being joyfull of his daughters good fortune, speedily came to Newberie, where of her master he was friendly entertained: who after he had made him good cheare, shewed him all his servants at worke, and every office in his house.

Within one roome being large and long,
There stood two hundred Loomes full strong:
Two hundred men the truth is so,
Wrought in these Loomes all in a row.
By every one a prettie boy,
Sate making quils with mickle joy.
And in another place hard by,
An hundred women merrily,
Were carding hard with joyfull cheere,

Who singing sat with voyces cleere.
And in a chamber close beside,
Two hundred maydens did abide,
In peticoats of Stammel red,
And milke-white Kerchers on their head:
Their smocke sleeves like to winter snow,
That on the Westerne mountaines flow,
And each sleeve with a silken band,
Was featly tied at the hand.
These prettie maids did never lin,
But in that place all day did spin:
And spinning so with voyces meet,
Like Nightingales they sung full sweet.
Then to another loome came they,
Where children were in poore array:
And every one sat picking woll,
The finest from the course to cull:
The number was seven score and ten,
The children of poore silly men:
And these their labours to requite,
Had every one a penny at night,
Beside their meate and drink all day,
Which was to them a wondrous stay.
Within another place likewise,
Full fiftie proper men he spies,
And these were Shearemen every one,
Whose skill and cunning there was showne:
And hard by them there did remaine,
Full foure score Rowers taking paine.
A Dye-house likewise had he then,
Wherein he kept full fortie men:
And likewise in his fulling Mill,
Full twenty persons kept he still.
Each weeke ten good fat Oxen he
Spent in his house for certaintie:
Beside good butter, cheese and fish,
And many another holesome dish.

He kept a Butcher all the yeere,
A Brewer eke for Ale and Beere:
A Baker for to bake his bread,
Which stood his houshold in good stead.
Five Cookes within his kitchin great,
Were all the yeare to dresse his meat.
Sixe scullian boyes unto their hands,
To make cleane dishes, pots and pans:
Beside poore children that did stay,
To turne the broaches every day.
The old man that did see this sight,
Was much amaz'd, as well he might:
This was a gallant Cloathier sure,
Whose fame for ever shall endure.

When the old man had séene this great houshold and familie, then he was brought into the Ware-houses, some being fild with wooll, some with flockes, some with woad and madder, and some with broad cloathes and kerstes readie dyed and drest, beside a great number of others, some stretcht on the Tenters, some hanging on poles, and a great many more lying wet in other places. Sir (quoth the old man) I wis che zée you be hominable rich, and cham content you shall have my daughter, and Gods blessing and mine light on you both.

But Father (quoth Jacke of Newberie) what will you bestow with her? Parry heare you (quoth the old man) I vaith cham but a poore man, but I thong God, cham of good exclamation among my neighbours, and they will as zoone take my vice for any thing as a richer mans: thicke I will bestow, you shall have with a good will, because che heare verie good condemnation of you in every place, therefore chil give you twentie Nobles and a weaning Calfe, and when I dye and my wife, you shall have the revelation of all my goods.

When Jacke heard his offer he was straight content, making more reckoning of the womans modestie, than her Fathers money. So the marriage day being appointed, all

things was prepared méete for the wedding, and royall chéere ordained, most of the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen thereabout were invited thereunto: the Bride being attyred in a Gowne of chéepes russet, and a kertle of fine worsted, her head attyred with a billiment of gold, and her haire as yellow as gold hanging downe behinde her, which was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those dayes: shée was led to Church betwéene two swéete boyes, with Bride laces & Rosemary tied about their silken slée ves, the one of them was sonne to Sir Thomas Parry, the other to Sir Francis Hungerford: Then was there a faire Bride cup of silver and gilt carried before her, wherein was a goodly braunch of Rosemarie gilded very faire, hung about with silken Ribands of all colours: next was there a noyse of Musitians that played all the way before her: after her came all the chiefest maydens of the Countrie, some bearing great Bride Cakes, and some Garlands of wheate finely gilded, and so she past unto the Church.

It is needelesse for mée to make any mention héere of the Bridegrome, who being a man so well beloved, wanted no compante, and those of the best sort, beside divers Merchant strangers of the Stilyard, that came from London to the Wedding. The marriage being solemnized, home they came in order as before, and to dinner they went, where was no want of good cheare, no lacke of melodie: Rennish Wine at this wedding was as plentifull as Béere or Ale, for the Merchants had sent thither ten Tunnes of the best in the Stilyard.

This wedding endured ten dayes, to the great reliefe of the poore that dwelt all about: and in the end the Brides Father and Mother came to pay their Daughters portion: which when the Bridegrome had received, hée gave them great thankes: Notwithstanding hée would not suffer them yet to depart, and against they should goe home, their sonne in law came unto them, saying: Father and Mother, all the thankes that my poore heart can yéeld, I give you for your good will, cost, and courtesie, and while I live make bolde to

use

use me in any thing that I am able, and in requitall of the gift you gave mée with your daughter, I give you here twentie pound to bestow as you finde occasion, and for your losse of time, and charges riding up and downe, I give you héere as much broadcloath as shall make you a cloake, and my mother a holiday Gowne, and when this is worne out, come to me and fetch more.

O my good zonne (quoth the olde woman) Christ benizon be with thée evermore: for to tell thée true, we had zold all our Kine to make money for my daughters marriage, and this zeaven yeare we should not have bin able to buy more: Notwithstanding we should have zold all that ever wée had, before my poore wench should have lost her marriage. I (quoth the old man) chud have zold my coate from my back, and my bed from under me, before my Girle should have gone without you. I thanke you good father and mother, said the Bride, and I pray God long to kéepe you in health: then the Bride knéeled downe and did her dutie to her parents, who wéeping for very joy, departed.

Not long after this, it chaunced while our noble king was making warre in France, that James king of Scotland, falsly breaking his oath, invaded England with a great Armie, and did much hurt upon the Borders: whereupon on the sodaine every man was appointed according to his abilitie to be readie with his men and furniture, at an houres warning, on paine of death. Jacke of [illegible]berie was commaunded by the Justice to set out fire [illegible] armed with Pikes, and two Calivers, and to [illegible] in Buckinghamshire, who was there raising a great power to go[illegible]inst the faithlesse king of Scots.

When Jacke had received this charge, he came home in all hast, and cut out a whole broadcloth for horsemens coats, and so much more as would make up coates for the number of a hundred men: in short time hée had made readie fiftie tall men well mounted in white coates, and red caps with yellow Feathers, Demilances in their hands, and fiftie

armed

armed men on foote with Pikes, & fiftie shot in white coates also, every man so expert in the handling of his weapon, as few better were found in the field. Himselfe likewise in compleat armour on a goodly Barbed Horse, rod foremost of the company, with a lance in his hand, and a faire plume of yellow Feathers in his creast, and in this sort he came before the Justices: who at the first approach did not a little wonder what he should be.

At length when he had discovered what he was, the Justices and most of the Gentlemen gave him great commendations for this his good and forward minde shewed in this action: but some other envying hereat, gave out words that he shewed himselfe more prodigall than prudent, and more haine-glorious than well advised, seeing that the best Nobleman in the Countrey would scarce have done so much: and no marvell (quoth they) for such a one would call to his remembrance, that the King had often occasions to urge his subjects to such charges, and therefore would doe at one time as they might be able to doe at another: but Jacke of Newberie, like the Storke in the Spring-time, thinks the highest Cedar too low for him to build his nest in, and ere the yeare be halfe done, may be glad to have his bed in a bush.

These disdainfull speeches being at last brought to Jacke of Newberies eare, though it grieved him much, yet patiently put them up till time convenient. Within a while after, all the Souldiers of Barkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, were commanded to shew themselves before the Queene at Stonie Stratford, where her Grace, with many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen were assembled, with ten thousand men. Against Jacke should goe to the Queene, hee caused his face to be smeared with blood, and his white coate in like manner.

When they were come before her Highnesse, she demanded (above all the rest) what those wite coats were: Whereupon, Sir Henry Englefield (who had the leading of the Barkshire men) answered her,

May

May it pleaſe your Majeſtie to underſtand, that he which rideth formoſt there, is called Jacke of Newberie, and all thoſe gallant men in white, are his owne ſervants, who are maintained all the yeare by him, whom he at his owne coſt hath ſet out in this time of extremitie, to ſerve the King againſt his vaunting Foe: and I aſſure your Majeſty, there is not, for the number, better Souldiers in the field.

God ſir Henry (quoth the Quéene) bring the man to mé, that I may ſée him: which was done accordingly. Then Jacke with all his men alighted, and humbly on their knées fell before the Quéene. Her grace ſaid, Gentleman ariſe, and putting forth her lillie white hand, gave it him to kiſſe. Moſt gratious Quéene, quoth hée, Gentleman am I none, nor the ſonne of a Gentleman, but a poore Clothier, whoſe lands are his Looms, having no other Rents but what I get from the backs of little ſheepe, nor can I claime any cognizance but a woodden ſhuttle. Nevertheleſſe, moſt gracious Quéene, theſe my poore ſervants and my ſelfe, with life and goods are readie at your majeſties command, not onely to ſpend our bloods, but alſo to loſe our lives in defence of our King and Countrey.

Welcome to mé Jacke of Newberie ſaid the Quéene, though a Clothier by trade, yet a Gentleman by condition, and a faithfull ſubject in heart: and if thou chance to have any ſute in Court, make account the Quéene will be thy friend, and would to God the King had many ſuch Clothiers. But tell mé, how came thy white coate beſmeared with blood and thy face to be ſcratcht? May it pleaſe your Grace (quoth he) to underſtand, that it was my chance to méete with a Monſter, who, like the people Cynomolgi, had the proportion of a man, but headed like a dogge, the biting of whoſe téeth was like the poyſoned téeth of a Crocodile, his breath like the Baſiliſks, killing a farre off. I underſtand, his name was Envie, who aſſailed mé inviſibly, like the wicked ſpirit of Mogunce, who flung ſtones at men, & could not be ſéene: and ſo I came by my ſcratcht face, not knowing when it was done. What was the cauſe this monſter

should afflict thée above the rest of thy company, or other men in the field. Although, most Sovereigne Quéene, quoth hée, this poysoned curre snarleth at many, and that fewe can escape the hurt of his wounding breath, yet at this time hée bent his force against mée, not for any hurt I did him, but because I surpast him in heartie affection to my Sovereigne Lord, and with the poore Widow offered all I had to serve my Prince and Country. It were happie for England, sayd the Quéene, if in everie market Towne there were a Jybbet to hang up curres of that kind, who like Æsops dogge lying in the manger, will doe no good himselfe, nor suffer such as would doe any.

This speech being ended, the Quéene caused her Army to be set in order, and in warlike manner to march toward Flodden, where King James had pitcht his field. But as they passed along with Drum and Trumpet, there came a Post from the valiant Earle of Surrey, with tydings to her Grace that now she might dismisse her Army, for that it had pleased God to grant the noble Earle victorie over the Scots: whom he had by his wisedome and valiancie vanquisht in fight, and slayne their King in battel. Upon which newes her Majestie discharged her Forces, and joyfully tooke her journey to London, with a pleasant countenance, praysing God for her famous victorie, and yéelding thankes to all the Noble Gentlemen and Souldiers for their readinesse in the action, giving many gifts to the Nobilitie, and great rewards to the Souldiers: among whom she nothing forgot Jacke of Newberie, about whose necke she put a rich chaine of gold: at what time he with all the rest gave a great shout, saying: God save Katherine the noble Quéene of England. Many Noble men of Scotland were taken prisoners at this battel, and many more slaine: so that there never came a greater foyle to Scotland than this: for you shall understand that the Scottish King made full account to be Lord of this land, watching opportunitie to bring to passe his faithlesse and traiterous practice: which was when our King was in France, at Turney, and Turwin: in regard of which warres,

the

the Scots daunted there was none left in England, but beards and plaughmen, who were not able to lead an army, having no skill in martiall affaires. In consideration of which advantage, he invaded the Countrey, boasting of victorie before he had wonne: which was no small griefe to Queene Margaret his wife, who was eldest Sister to our noble King. Wherefore in disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victorie, the Commons of England made this Song: which to this day is not forgotten of many.

THE SONG.

KIng *Jamie* hath made a vow,
Keepe it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely *London*,
upon Saint *James* his day.

Upon Saint *James* his day at noone,
at faire *London* will I be:
And all the Lords in merrie *Scotland*,
they shall dine there with me.

Then bespake good Queene *Margaret*,
the teares fell from her eye:
Leave off these warres most noble King,
keepe your fidelitie.

The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe,
from bottome unto the brimme:
My brother *Henry* hath wed a good enough,
England is hard to winne.

Away (quoth he) with this silly foole,
In prison fast let her lie:
For she is come of the English blood,
and for these words she shall dye.

With that bespake Lord *Thomas Howard*,
The Queenes Chamberlaine that day:
If that you put Queene *Margaret* to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King *Jamie* did say,
away with this foolish Morne:
He shall be hanged, and the other be burnd,
so soone as I come home.

At *Flodden Field* the Scots came in,
which made our English men faine:
At *Bramstone-greene* this battaile was seene,
there was King *Jamie* slaine.

Then presently the Scots did flie,
their Cannons they left behind:
Their Ensignes gay were won all away,
our Souldiers did beate them blinde.

To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine,
that to the fight did stand:
And many prisoners tooke that day,
the best in all *Scotland*.

That day made many fatherlesse child,
and many a Widow poore:
And many a Scottish gay Lady,
sate weeping in her bower.

Jacke with a feather was lapt all in leather,
His boastings were all in vaine:
He had such a chance with a new morrice dance,
He never went home againe.

How

CHAP. 3.

How *Jacke of Newberie* went to receive the King, as hee went a progresse into Barkeshire: and how he made him a banquet in his owne house.

About the tenth yeare of the kings reign, his Grace made his progresse into Barkeshire, against which time Jacke of Newbery cloathed 30. tall fellowes, being his household servants, in blew coates laced, with Sarcenet, every one having a good sword & buckler on his shoulder, himselfe in a plaine russet coat, a paire of white kersie breeches, without welt or gard, and stockings of the same price tyed to his hose, which had a great codpeece, whereon he stuck his pinnes: who knowing the King would come over a certaine meadow, neere adjoyning to the Towne, got himselfe thither with all his men; and repairing to a certaine Ant-hill, which was in the field, take up his seate there, causing his men to stand round about the same with their swords drawne.

The King comming neere the place with the rest of his Nobilitie, and seeing them stand with their drawne weapons, sent to know the cause. Garret King at Armes was the Messenger, who spake in this sort. God-sellow so the Kings Majestie would know to what end you stand heere with swords and bucklers prepared to fight. With that Jacke of Newberie started up, and made this answer. Harrold (quoth he) returne to his Highnesse, it is poore Jacke of Newberie, who being scant Marquesse of a mole hill, is chosen Prince of Ants, and heere I stand with my weapons and Guard about me to defend and keepe these my poore and painefull subjects, from the force of the idle Butterflyes, their swome enemies, lest they should disturbe this quiet Commonwealth, who this Summer season are making their winters provision.

The Meſſenger returning, told his Grace that it was one Jacke of Newberie that ſtood there with his men about him, to guard (as they ſay) a company of Ants, from the furious wrath of the Prince of Butterflies. With this newes the King heartily laught, ſaying: indeede it is no marvell hee ſtand ſo well prepared, conſidering what a terrible tyrant he hath to deale withall. Certainly my Lords (quoth hee) this ſeemes to bee a pleaſant fellow, and therefore we will ſend to talke with him.

The Meſſenger being ſent, told Jacke he muſt come ſpeake with the King. Quoth he, his Grace hath a boſſe, and I am an aſſe, therefore will him to come tome: believe that, while I am away, our enemies might come and put my people in hazzard, as the Scots did England, while our King was in France. How dares the Lambe be ſo bolde with the Lyon, quoth the Herald? Why, quoth he, if there be a Lyon in the field, here is never a cocke to feare him: and tell his Pateſtie, he might thinke me a very bad Governour that would walke aſide upon pleaſure, and leave my people in perill. Herald (quoth he) it is written, He that hath a charge muſt looke to it, and ſo tell thy Lord my King. The Meſſage being done, the King ſaid: My Lords, ſeeing it will be no other, we will ride up to the Emperour of Ants, that is ſo carefull in his government. At the Kings approach, Jacke of Newberie & his ſervants put up all their weapons, & with a joyfull cry flung up their caps in token of victorie. Why how now my maiſters (quoth the King) is your wars ended? Let me ſee where is the Lord Generall of this great Campe? With that, Jacke of Newberie with all his ſervants fell on their knees, ſaying: God ſave the King of England, whoſe fight hath put my foes to flight and brought great peace to the poore labouring people. Truſt me (quoth our King) here be prettie fellowes to fight againſt Butterflies: I muſt commend your courage, that dares withſtand ſuch mightie gyants. Moſt dread Soveraigne (quoth Jacke) not long agoe, in my conceit, I ſaw the moſt provident Nation of the Ants ſummoned their chiefe Peeres to a Parliament, which was

holde

held in the famous citie Dry Dusty, the one and thirtieth day of September: where as, by their wisedomes, I was chosen their King; at what time also many bilies of complaint were brought in against divers ill members in the Commonwealth: among whom the Pole was attaynted of high treason to their state, and therefore was banished for ever from their quiet kingdome: so was the Grashopper and the Caterpiller, because they were not onely idle, but also lived upon the labours of other men: amongst the rest, the Butterflie was very much misliked, but few durst say any thing to him, because of his golden apparell: who through sufferance grew so ambitious and malapert that the poore Ant could no sooner get an egge into her nest, but he would have it away, and especially against Easter, which at length was misliked. This painted Asse woke snuffe in the nose, and assembled a great many other of his owne coate, by windie warres to rote these painefull people out of the land, that he himselfe might be seated above them all. (These were proud Butterflies, quoth the King.) Whereupon, I with my men (quoth Jacke) prepared our selves to withstand them, till such time as your Majesties royall presence put them to flight.

Tush (said the King) thou must thinke that the force of flies is not great. Notwithstanding (quoth Jacke) their gay gownes make poore men afraid. I perceive (quoth Cardinall Wolsey) that you being King of Ants, do carry a great grudge to the Butterflies. I, quoth Jacke, wee be as great foes, as the Fore and the Snake are friends: for the one of them being subtile, loves the other for his craft: but now I intend to be no longer a prince, because the majestie of a king hath eclipst my glory: so that looking like the Peacocke on my blacke feet, makes me abase my vaine glorious feathers, and humbly I yeeld unto his Majestie all my soveraigne rule and dignitie, both of life and goods, casting my weapons at his feete, to doo any service wherein his Grace shall command me. God a mercy good Jack (quoth the king) I have often heard of thee, & this morning I meane to visit thy house.

Thus

Thus the King with great delight rode along untill he came to the townes end, where a great multitude of people attended to see his Passeage: where also Quéene Katherine with all her traine met him. Thus with great rejoycing of the Commons, the King & Quéene passed along to this folly Clothiers house, where the good wife of the house with threescore maidens attending on her, presented the king with a Bée hive, most richly gilt with gold, and all the Bées therein were also gold curiously made by Art, and out of the top of the same Hive sprung a flourishing gréene tree, which bore golden Apples, and at the roote thereof lay divers Serpents, seeking to destroy it, whom Prudence and Fortitude trode under their féete, holding this inscription in their hands;

Loe here presented to your Royall sight,
The figure of a flourishing Common-wealth:
Where vertuous subjects labour with delight,
And beat the drones to death which live by stealth:
Ambition, Envie, Treason, loathsome serpents be,
Which seeke the downefall of this fruitfull tree.

But Lady Prudence with deepe searching eye,
Their ill intended purpose doth prevent:
And noble Fortitude standing alwaies ny.
Dispersi their power prepar'd with bade intent.
Thus they are foild that mount by meanes unmeet,
And so like slaves are troden under feet.

The King favourably accepted this Embleme, and receiving it at the womans hands, willed Cardinal Wolsey to look thereon, commanding it should be sent to Windsor Castle. This Cardinall was at that time Lord Chancellor of England, and a wonderfull proude Prelate, by whose meanes great variance was set betwixt the King of England and the French King, the Emperour of Almaine, and divers other Princes of Christendome, whereby the trafficke of those Merchants was utterly forbidden, which bred a generall

woe

woe through England, especially among Clothiers: insomuch that having no sale for their cloth, they were faine to put away many of their people which wrought for them, as hereafter more at large shall be declared.

Then was his Majestie brought into a great Hall, where foure long Tables stood readie covered: and passing through that place, the King and Queene came into a faire and large Parlour hung about with goodly Tapistrie, where was a Table prepared for his Highnesse and the Queenes Grace. All the flooze where the King sate was covered with broad clothes in stead of greene rushes: these were choise peeces of the finest woll, of an Azure colour, valued at an hundred pound a cloath, which afterward was given to his Majestie. The King being set with the chiefest of his Councell about him, after a delicate dinner, a sumptuous Banquet was brought in, served all in glasse: the description whereof were too long for me to write, and you to reade. The great Hall was also filled with Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, who were attended by no other but the servants of the house. The Ladies of honour and Gentlewomen of the Court were all seated in another Parlour by themselves: at whose table the maidens of the house did waite in decent sort. The servingmen by themselves and the pages, & seamen by themselves, upon whom the Prentizes did attend most diligently. During the Kings abiding in this place, there was no want of dilicates: Rhenish wine, Claret wine, & Sacke, was as plentifull as small Ale. Then from the highest to the lowest, they were served in such sort, as no discontent was found any way, so that great commendations redounded unto the Good-man of the house. The L. Cardinall that of late found himselfe gall'd by the Allegorie of the Ants, spake in this wise to the King. If it should please your Highnesse (quoth he) but to note the vaine glorie of these Artificers, you should find no small cause of dislike in many of their actions. For an instance, the fellow of this house, he hath not stucke this day to undoe himselfe, onely to become famous by receiving of your Majestie: like Herostratus the Shoomaker, that burned

ned the Temple of Diana, only to get himselfe a name, more than for any affection he beares to your Grace, as may well be proved by this: Let there be but a simple Subsidie levied upon them for the assistance of your Highnesse Warres, or any other weightie affaires of the Common-wealth and state of the Realme, though it be not the twentieth part of their substance, they will so grudge and repine, that it is wonderfull; and like people desperate cry out, They be quite undone. My Lord Cardinall, quoth the Queene, (under correction of my Lord the King) I durst lay an hundred pounds Jacke of Newberie was never of that minde, nor is not at this instant: if ye aske him, I warrant he will say so. My selfe also have proofe thereof at the Scottish invasion, at what time this man, being scanted but at five men, brought (at his owne cost) an hundred and fiftie into the field. I would I had moe such subjects said the King, and many of so good a minde. Ho, ho, Harry (quoth Will Sommers) then had not Empson and Dudley been chronicled for knaves, nor sent to the Tower for treason. But then they had not knowne the paine of imprisonment, quoth our King, who with their subtiltie grieved many others. But their subtilties was such that it brake their necks, quoth Will Sommers. Whereat the King and Queene laughing heartily, rose from the Table. By which time Jacke of Newberie had caused all his folkes to goe to their worke, that his Grace and all the Nobilitie might see it; so indeed the Queene had requested. Then came his Highnesse where he saw an hundred Looms standing in one roome, and two men working in every one, who pleasantly sung in this sort.

The Weavers Song.

WHen *Hercules* did use to spin,
and *Pallas* wrought upon the loome,
Our Trade to flourish did begin,
while Conscience went not selling Broome.
Then love and friendship did agree,
To keepe the band of amitie.

When

When Princes sonnes kept sheep in field,
and Queenes made cakes of wheaten flower,
Then men to lucre did not yeeld,
which brought good cheare in everie bower.
Then love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amitie.

But when that Giants huge and hie,
did fight with speares like Weavers beames,
Then they in Iron beds did lie,
and brought poore men to hard extreames,
Yet love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amitie.

Then *David* tooke his Sling and stone,
not fearing great *Goliahs* strength:
He pearc't his braines and broke the bone,
though he were fiftie foote of length.
For love and friendship, &c.

But while the Greekes beseiged *Troy*,
Penelope apace did spin,
And Weavers wrought with mickle joy,
though little gaines were comming in.
For love and friendship, &c.

Had *Helen* then fate carding wooll,
(whose beauteous face did breed such strife)
Shee had not beene sir *Paris* trull,
nor caus'd so many lose their life.
Yet we by love did still agree, &c.

Or had King *Priams* wanton sonne,
beene making quills with sweet content,
He had not then his friends undone,
when he to *Greece* a gadding went.
For love and friendship did agree, &c.

The Cedar trees indure more stormes,
than little shrubs that sprout on hie:
The Weavers live more voyd of harmes,
Than Princes of great dignitie,
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

The shepheard sitting in the field,
doth tune his pipe with hearts delight:
When Princes watch with speare and shield,
the poore man soundly sleepes all night.
While love and friendship doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proofe is daily tride,
for Gods good gifts we are ingrate:
And no man through the World so wide,
lives well contented with his state.
No love and friendship we can see,
To hold the bands of amitie.

Well sung good fellowes, said our King, light hearts and merrie mindes live long without gray haires. But (quoth Will Sommers) seldome without red noses. Well, said the King, there is a hundred angels to make good cheare withall: and look that every peare once you make a feast among your selves, and frankly (every peare) I give you leave to fetch foure Buckes out of Dunington Parke, without any mans let or controulement. I beseech your Grace (quoth Will Sommers) let it be with a condition. What is that, said our King? My Liege, quoth he, that although the keeper will have the skins, that they may give their wives the hornes. Goe to, said the Queene, thy head is fuller of knaverie, than thy purse is of crownes.

The poore workemen humbly thanked his Majestie for his bountifull liberalitie: and ever since it hath beene a custome among the Weavers every peare presently after Bartholmewtide, in remembrance of the Kings favour to meete together and make a merrie feast. His Majestie came next

among

among the spinners and carders, who were merrily a worling: whereat Will Sommers fell into a great laughter. What ayles the fole to laugh, sayd the King? Marrie (quoth Will Sommers) to see these maidens get their living, as buls doe eate their meate. How is that, said the Quéene? By going still backward, quoth Will Sommers: and I will lay a linger, that they that practise so well being maides to goe backward, will quickly learne ere long to fall backward.

But stirra said the Cardinall, thou diddst fall forward when thou brakest thy face in master Kingsmiles cellar. But yon my Lord sate forward (quoth Will Sommers) when you sate in the stocks at Sir Amias Paulets. Wherat there was greater laughing than before. The King and Quéene and all the Nobilitie heedefully beheld these Women, who for the most part were very faire and comely creatures, and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after due reverence) the maidens in dulcet manner chanted out this song, two of them singing the Dittie, and all the rest bearing the burden.

The Maidens Song.

IT was a Knight in *Scotland* borne,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Was taken prisoner and left forlorne,
even by the good Earle of *Northumberland*.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
follow my love, leape over the strand:
Where he could not walke nor lie along,
even by the good Earle of *Northumberland*.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
follow my love, come over the strand:
The Earles sweete Daughter walkt that way,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

And passing by like an Angell bright,
follow my love, come over the strand:

This Prisoner had of her a sight,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*,
And loud to her this Knight did crie,
follow my love, come over the strand.
The salt teares standing in his eye,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Faire Lady he said, take pitty on me,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And let me not in prison dye,
and you the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Faire Sir how should I take pitty on thee,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Thou being a foe to our Country,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*?

Faire Lady I am no foe he said,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Through thy sweet love heere was I stayd,
for thee the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Why shouldst thou come heere for love of me,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Having wife and Children in the Countrie,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*?

I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,
follow my love, come over the strand:
I have no wife nor children I,
nor dwelling at home in merrie *Scotland*.

If curteously you will set me free,
follow my love, come over the strand:
I vow that I will marrie thee,
so soone as I come in faire *Scotland*.

Thou shalt be a Lady of Castles and Towers,
follow my love, come over the strand,
And sit like a Queene in princely bowers,
when I am at home in faire *Scotland*.

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And got her fathers ring away,
to helpe this lad Knight into faire *Scotland*.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And all to helpe this forlorn Knight
to wend from her father to faire *Scotland*.

Two gallant steedes both good and able,
follow my love, come over the strand:
She likewise tooke out of the stable,
to ride with this Knight into faire *Scotland*.

And to the Jaylor she sent this ring,
follow my love, come over the strand:
The Knight from prison forth to bring,
to wend with her into faire *Scotland*.

This token set the prisoner free,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Who straight went to this faire Lady,
to wend with her into faire *Scotland*.

A gallant steede he did bestride,
follow my love, come over the strand:
And with the Lady away did ride,
and she the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

They rode till they came to a water cleare,
follow my love, come over the strand:

Good

Good ſir how ſhould I follow you heere,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*,
The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And on my ſaddle I ſhall not keepe,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Feare not the foord faire Lady, quoth he,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
For long I cannot ſtay for thee,
and thou the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

The Lady prickt her wanton ſteed,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And over the River ſwom with ſpeede,
and ſhe the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

From top to toe all wet was ſhee,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
This have I done for love of thee,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland*.

Thus rode ſhe all one winters night,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
Till *Edenborow* they ſaw in ſight,
the chiefeſt towne in all *Scotland*.

Now chuſe (quoth he) thou wanton flower,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
Where thou wilt be my paramour,
or get thee home to *Northumberland*.

For I have wife and children five,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
In *Edenborow* they be alive,
then get thee home to faire *England*.

This favour ſhalt thou have to boote,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
Ile have thy horſe, go thou on foote,
go get thee home to *Northumberland.*

O falſe and faithleſſe knight, quoth ſhee,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And canſt thou deale ſo bad with me,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland?*

Diſhonour not a Ladies name,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
But draw thy ſword and end my ſhame,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland.*

He tooke her from her ſtately ſteed,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And left her there in extreme need,
and ſhe the faire flower of *Northumberland.*

Then ſate ſhe downe full heavily,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
At length two knights came riding by,
two gallant Knights of faire *England.*

She fell downe humbly on her knee,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
Saying courteous Knights take pittie on me,
and I the faire flower of *Northumberland.*

I have offended my father deere,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And by a falſe Knight that brought me heere,
from the good Earle of *Northumberland.*

They tooke her up behind them then,
follow my love, come over the ſtrand:

And brought her to her fathers againe,
and he the good Earle of *Northumberland*.

All you faire maidens be warned by me,
follow my love, come over the strand:
Scots were never true, nor never will be,
to Lord, nor Lady, nor faire *England*.

FINIS.

After the Kings Majestie and the Queene had heard this song sweetely sung by them, hee cast them a great reward: and so departing thence, went to the Falling-mils, and Dye-house, where a great many were also hard at worke: and his Majestie perceiving what a great number of people were by this one man set on worke, both admired, and commended him: saying further, that no Trade in all the Land was so much to be cherished and maintained as this, which, quoth he, may well be called, The life of the poore. And as the King returned from this place with intent to take horse and depart, there met him a great many of children in garments of white silke, frienged with gold, their heads crowned with golden Bayes, and about their armes each one had a scarfe of greene sarcenet fast tied, in their hands they bore silver bowes, and under their girdles golden arrowes.

The foremost of them represented Diana, Goddesse of Chastity, who was attended on by a traine of beautifull Nymphes, and they presented to the King foure prisoners: The first was a sterne and grisly woman, carrying a frowning countenance, and her forehead full of wrinkles, her hayre as blacke as pitch, and her garments all bloudy, a great sword she had in her hand all stained with purple gore: they called her name Bellona, Goddesse of warres, who had three daughters; the first of them was a tall woman, so leane and ill-favoured, that her cheeke bones were ready to start out of the skinne, of a pale and deadly colour: her eyes sunke into her head: her legges so feeble, that they could scantly

scantly carry the body; all along her armes & hands through the skinne you might tell the sinewes, joynts and bones; her teeth were very strong and sharp withall: she was so greedy, that she was ready with her teeth to teare the skinne from her owne armes: her attyre was blacke, and all torne, and ragged, she went barefooted, and her name was Famine. The second was a strong and lusty woman, with a looke pittiless and unmercifull countenance: her garments were all made of Iron and Steele, and she carried in her hand a naked weapon, and she was called the Sword. The third was also a cruell creature, her eyes did sparkle like burning coales, her hayre was like a flame, & her garments like burning brasse: she was so hot, that none could stand neere her, and they called her name Fire.

After this they retired againe, and brought unto his Highnesse two other Personages, their countenance was Princely and amiable, their attyre most rich and sumptuous: the one carried in his hand a golden Trumpet, and the other a Palme tree: and these were called Fame & Victorie, whom the Goddesse of Chastity charged to waite upon this famous Prince for ever. This done, each childe after other with due reverence, gave unto his Majesty a sweete smelling Gillyflower, after the manner of the Persians, offering something in token of loyalty and obedience. The King and Queene beholding the sweete favour and countenance of these children, demanded of Jack of Newberie whose children they were? Who answered: It shall please your Highnesse to understand, that these are the children of poore people, that doe get their living by picking of woll, having scant a good meale once in a weeke. With that the King began to tell his Gillyflowers, whereby he found that there was 96. children. Certainly, said the Queen, I perceive God gives as faire children to the poore as to the rich, and fairer many times: and though their dyet and keeping be but simple, the blessing of God doth cherish them. Therefore said the Queene, I will request to have two of them to waite in my Chamber. Faire Katharine said the King, thou and I have

ſumpt in one opinion, thinking theſe children fitter for the Court than the countrey: whereupon he made choice of a dozen more: foure he ordained to be Pages to his royall perſon, and the reſt hée ſent to Univerſities, allotting to every one a Gentlemans living. Divers of the Noble men did in like ſort entertaine ſome of theſe children into their ſervices, ſo that (in the end) not one was left to picke wooll, but were all ſo prouided for, that their Parents never needed to care for them: and God ſo bleſſed them, that each of them came to bée men of great account and authoritie in the land, whoſe poſterities remaine to this day worſhipfull and famous. The King, Quéene, and Nobles béeing ready to depart, after great thankes and gifts given to Jacke of Newberie, his Majeſtie would have made him Knight, but hée meekely refuſed it, ſaying, I beſeech your Grace let me liue a poore Clothier among my people, in whoſe maintenance I take more felicitie, than in all the vaine titles of Gentilitie: for theſe are the labouring Ants whom I ſéeke to defend, and theſe be the Bées which I kéepe: who labour in this life, not for our ſelves, but for the glory of GOD, and to do ſeruice to our dread Soueraigne. Thy knighthood néedbe no hinderance of thy Facultie, quoth the King. O my dread Soueraigne ſayd Jacke, honour and worſhip may be compared to the Lake of Lethe, which makes men forget themſelues that taſte thereof, and to the end I may ſtill kéepe in minde from whence I came, and what I am, I beſeech your Grace let me reſt in my ruſſet coat a poore Clothier to my dying day. Séeing then (ſaid the King) that a mans minde is a Kingdome to himſelfe, I will leaue thée to the riches of thy owne content, and ſo farewell. The Quénes Majeſtie taking her leaue of the good wife with a Princely kiſſe, gaue her in token of remembrance a moſt precious and rich Dyamond ſet in gold, about the which was alſo curiouſly ſet fiue Rubies, and fiue Emeralds in one péece, valued at nine hundred Markes: and ſo her grace departed. But in this meane ſpace Will Sommers kept company among the maides, and betooke himſelfe to ſpinning as they did, which among them

was

was helde as a forfeit of a gallon of wine: but William by no meanes would pay it, except they would take it out in kisses, rating every kisse at a farthing. This payment we refuse for two causes, quoth the Maides: the one, for that wée estéeme not kisses at so base a rate: and the other, because in so doing we should give as much as you.

CHAP. IIII.

How the maidens served *Will Sommers* for his sawsinesse.

THe maidens consented together, séeing Will Sommers was so busie both with their worke and in his words, and would not pay his forfeiture, to serve him as he served: first therefore they bound him hand and foote, and set him upright against a poste, tying him thereto, which hée tooke in ill part, notwithstanding hée could not resist them: and because hée let his tongue runne at randome, they set a faire gagge in his mouth, such a one as he could not for his life put away: so that he stood as one gaping for winde. Then one of them got a couple of dogs droppings, and putting them in a bagge laide them in soke in a bason of water, while the rest turned downe the coller of his Jerkin, and put an hoske cloath about his necke instéed of a fine towell: then came the other maide with a bason, and water in the same, and with the perfume in the pudding bagge, clapt him about the face and lips, till he looked like a tawnie Moore, and with her hand washt him very orderly: the smell being somewhat strong, Will could by no meanes abide it, and for want of other language, cryed Ah ha ha ha. Faine he would have spet, and could not, so that he was faine to swallow downe such liquor as he never tasted the like. When he had a prettie while béene washed in this sort, at the length he crouched downe upon his knées, yeelding himselfe to their favour: which the maidens perceiving, pulled the gag out of his mouth. He had no sooner the libertie of his tongue, but that hée curst and swore like a dibel: the maides that could scant stand for laughing, at

last askt how he liked his washing? Gods ounds, quoth hee, I was never thus washt, nor ever met with such Barbers since I was borne: let me goe, quoth he, and I will give you whatsoever you will demand, wherewith hee cast them an English Crowne. Nay, quoth one of the Maides, you are yet but washt, but we will shave you ere you goe. Sweete Maides, quoth he, pardon my shaving, let it suffice that you have washt me: if I have done a trespasse to your Trade, forgive it me, and I will never hereafter offend you. Tush, said the Maides, you have made our wheeles cast their bands, and bruised the teeth of our Cards in such sort, as the offence may not be remitted without great pennance. As for your gold, we regard it not: therefore as you are perfumed fit for the dogs, so we enjoyne you this night to serve all our hogs, which pennance if you will sweare with all speede to performe, we will let you loose. O quoth Will, the huge Elephant was never more fearefull of the silly sheepe, than I am of your displeasures: therefore let me loose, and I will doe it with all diligence. Then they unbound him, and brought him among a great company of Swinne, which when Will had well viewed over, he drave out of the yard all the Sowes: why how now, quoth the Maides, what meane you by this? Mary, quoth Will, these be all sowes, & my pennance is but to serve the hogs. Is it true, quoth they? have you overtaken us in this sort? well, loke there be not one hog unserved we would advise you. Will Sommers stript us his sleeves very orderly, and clapt an apron about his motly holen, and taking a paile, served the hogs handsomely. When he had given them all meat, he said thus:

My taske is duely done,
My liberty is wonne,
The hogs have eate their crabs,
Therefore farewell you drabs.

Nay soft friend, quoth they, the veriest hog of all hath yet had nothing. Where the divell is he, said Will, that I see him not? Wrapt in a motley Jerken, quoth they, take thy selfe by the nose, & thou shalt catch him by the snout. I was never so very

bery a hog, quoth he, but I would alway spare from my own belly to give a woman. If thou do not (say they) eate (like the prodigall Childe) with thy fellow hogs, we will so shave thee, as thou shalt dearely repent thy disobedience. He seeing no remedy, committed himselfe to their mercy: and so they let him goe. When he came to the Court, he shewed to the King all his adventure among the weavers maidens, whereat the King and Queene laughed heartily.

CHAP. V.

Of the pictures which Jack of Newbery had in his house, whereby he encouraged his servants to seeke for fame and dignitie.

IN a faire large Parlour which was wainscotted round about, Jacke of Newberie had fifteene faire Pictures hanging, which were covered with Curtaines of greene silke, fringed with gold, which he would often shew to his friends and servants. In the first was the Picture of a shepheard, before whom kneeled a great King named Viriat, who sometime governed the people of Portugall. See here, quoth Jacke, the father a shepheard, the sonne a Soveraigne. This man ruled in Portugall, and made great warres against the Romanes, and after that invaded Spaine, yet in the end was traiterously slaine.

The next was the Portraiture of Agathocles, which for his surpassing wisedome and manhood, was created King of Sicilia, and maintained battell against the people of Carthage. His father was a poore Potter, before whom he also kneeled. And it was the use of this King, that whensoever he made a banquet, he would have as well vessels of earth as of gold set upon the Table, to the intent he might alwayes beare in minde the place of his beginning, his Fathers house and family.

The third was the picture of Iphicrates an Athenian born, who vanquished the Lacedemonians in plaine and open battell. This man was Captaine Generall to Artaxerxes, King

King of Persia, whose Father was notwithstanding a Cobler, and there likewise pictured. Eumenes was also a famous Captaine to Alexander the great, whose father was no other than a Carter.

The fourth was the similitude of Ælius Pertinax, sometime Emperour of Rome, yet was his father but a Weauer: and afterward to give example to others of low condition to beare minds of worthy men, he caused the shop to be beautified with marble curiously cut, wherein his father before him was wont to get his living.

The fift was the picture of Diocletian, that so much adorned Rome with his magnificall and triumphant victories.

This was a most famous Emperour, although no other than the sonne of a Booke-binder. Valentinian stood the next, painted most artificially: who also was crowned Emperour, and was but the sonne of a poore Rope-maker, as in the same picture was expressed, where his father was painted by him using his trade.

The seventh was the Emperor Probus, whose father being a Gardener, was pictured by him holding a spade.

The eighth picture was of Marcus Aurelius, whom every age honoureth: he was both a wise and prudent Emperour, and yet but a cloth-weavers sonne.

The ninth was the Portraiture of the valiant Emperour Maximinus, the son of a Black-smith, who was there painted as he was wont to worke at the Anvill.

In the tenth table was painted the Emperour Gabienus, who at the first was but a poore shepheard.

Next to this picture was placed the pictures of two Popes of Rome, whose wisedome and learning advanced them to that dignitie. The first was the lively counterfeit of Pope John the twenty two, whose father was a Shoomaker: hee being elected Pope, increased their rents and patrimonie greatly.

The other was the picture of Pope Sextus, the fourth of that name, being a poore Warriners sonne.

The thirteenth picture was of Lamusius, King of Lombardie,

bardie, who was no better than the son of a common trumpet; being painted like a naked child walking in water, and taking hold of the point of a launce, by the which hée hung fast, and saved himselfe. The reason whereof is this: After his lewd mother was delivered of him, shée unnaturally threw him into a déepe stinking ditch, wherein was some water. By hap, King Agilmond passed that way, and found this child almost drowned, who moving him somewhat with the point of his launce, the better to perceive what he was, the child (though newly borne) tooke hold thereof with one of his pretty hands, not suffering it to slide or slip away againe: which thing the prince considering, being amazed at the strange force of this young little infant, caused it to be taken up and carefully to be cottered, and because the place where he found it was called Lama, he named the childe Lamissius: who after grew to be so brave a man, & so much honoured of Fortune, that in the end he was crowned King of the Lumbards, who lived there in honour, and in his succession after him, even unto the time of the unfortunate King Albovina, when all came to ruine, subversion and destruction.

In the fourteenth picture, Brimislas King of Bohemia, was most artificially drawne, before whom there stood an horse without bridle or saddle, in a field where husbandmen were at plough. The cause why this King was thus painted (quoth Jacke) was this: At that time the King of the Bohemians died without issue; and great strife being among the Nobilitie for a new King, at length they all consented that a horse should be let into the field, without bridle or saddle, having all determined with a most assured purpose to make him their King, before whom this horse rested: At what time it came to passe, that the horse first stayed himselfe before this Primislas, being a simple creature, who then was busie driving the plough: they presently made him their Soveraigne, who ordered himselfe and his Kingdome very wisely. He ordained many good Lawes, he compassed the Citie of Prague with strong walles, besides many other

things, meriting perpetuall laud and commendations.

The fiftenth was the picture of Theophrastus, a Philosopher, a counsellor of Kings, & companion of Nobles, who was but sonne of a Taylor. Seeing then my good servants, that these men have beene advanced to high estate and Princely dignities, by wisedome, learning, and diligence, I would wish you to imitate the like vertues, that you might attaine the like honors: for which of you doth know what good fortune God hath in store for you? there is none of you so poorely borne, but that men of baser birth have come to great honors: the idle hand shall ever goe in a ragged garment, and the slouthfull live in reproach: but such as doe leade a vertuous life, and governe themselves discretly, shall of the best be esteemed, and spend his dayes in credit.

CHAP. 6.

How all the Clothiers in England joyned together, and with one consent complained to the King of their great hindrance sustained for want of traffick into other Countries, whereupon they could get no sale for their cloath.

By meanes of the warres our King had with other countries, many Merchant strangers were prohibited for comming to England, and also our owne Merchants (in like sort) were forbidden to have dealing with France, or the Low countries: by meanes whereof, the Clothiers had most of their cloth lying on their hands, and that which they sold was at so low a rate, that the money scarsly paide for the woll and workemanship. Whereupon they thought to ease themselves by abating the poore workemens wages, and when that did not prevaile they turnd away their people, Weavers, Shearmen, Spinners, & Carders: so that where there was a hundred lomes kept in one towne, there was scant 50. and he that kept twentie, put downe ten. Many a poore man (for want of worke) was hereby undone with his wife and children, and it made many a poore widow to sit with an

hungry

hungry belly. This bred great woe in moſt places in England. In the end Jacke of Newberie intended (in the behalfe of the poore) to make a ſupplication to the King: and to the end he might do it the more effectually, he ſent Letters to all the chiefe clothing townes in England to this effect.

The Letter.

VVEl beloved friends and brethren, having a taſte of the generall griefe, and feeling (in ſome meaſure) the extremitie of theſe times, I fell into conſideration by what meanes we might beſt expell theſe ſorrowes, and recouer our former commoditie. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was more needfull herein than a faithfull vnitie among our ſelues. This ſore of neceſſitie can no way bee cured but by concord: for like as the flame conſumes the candle, ſo men through diſcord waſte themſelues. The poore hates the rich, becauſe they will not ſet them on worke: and the rich hate the poore, becauſe they ſeeme burdenous: ſo both are offended for want of gaine. When Belinus and Brennus were at ſtrife, the Queen their mother in their greateſt furie perſwaded them to peace, by vrging her conception of them in one wombe, and mutuall cheriſhing of them from their tender yeeres: ſo let our Art of clothing, which like a kinde mother hath cheriſhed vs with the excellencie of her ſecrets, perſwade vs to an vnitie. Though our occupation bee decayed, let vs not deale with it as men doe by their old ſhoes, which after they haue long borne them out of the mire, doe in the end fling them on the dunghill: or as the husbandman doth by his Bees, who for their honey burnes them. Deare friends, conſider that our Trade will maintaine vs, if we will vphold it, and there is nothing baſe, but that which is baſely vſed. Aſſemble therefore your ſelues together, & in every Towne tell the number of thoſe that haue their liuing by meanes of this trade: note it in a Bill, & ſend it to me: And becauſe ſuits in Courts are like winter-nights, long and wearieſome, let there be in each place a weekely collection made to defray charges: for I tell

you, Noble mens Secretaries and cunning Lawyers have slow tongues and deafe eares: which must daily be nointed with the sweet oyle of Angels. Then let two honest discreet men be chosen, and sent out of every Towne to meet me at Black-well Hall in London, on All Saints Eeve, and then we will present our humble petition to the King: Thus I bid you heartily farewell.

Copies of this Letter being sealed, they were sent to all the clothing Townes of England, and the Weavers both of Linnen and Woollen gladly received them: so that when all the Bils were brought together, there was found of the Clothiers, and those they maintained, three score thousand and five hundred persons. Moreover, every clothing Towne, sending up two men to London, they were found to bee an hundred and twelve persons, who in very humble sort fell downe before his majestie, walking in S. James his parke, and delivered unto him their petition. The King presently perusing it, asked if they were all Clothiers: who answered (as it were one man) in this sort: We are (most gracious King) all poore Clothiers, and your Majesties faithfull subjects. My Lords, quoth the King, let these mens complaint be throughly lookt unto, and their griefe redressed, for I account them in the number of the best Common-wealths men. As the Clergie for the soule, the Souldier for defence of his Countrie, the Lawyer to execute justice, the husbandman to feede the belly: So is the skilfull Clothier no lesse necessarie for the clothing of the backe, whom we may reckon among the chiefe Yeomen of our Land: and as the Cryfall sight of the eye is tenderly to be kept from harmes, because it gives to the whole bodie light; so is the Clothier, whose cunning hand provides garments to defend our naked partes from the Winters nipping frost. Many more reasons there are which may move us to redresse their griefes, but let it suffice that I command to have it done. With that his Grace delivered the Petition to the Lord Chancellor, and all the Clothiers cryed, God save the King. But as the King was ready to depart, he suddenly turned about, saying, I remember

ber there is one Jacke of Newberie, I muſt be had. not his hand in this buſineſſe, who profeſt himſelfe to bee a defender of true labourers. Then ſaid the Duke of Sommerſet: It may be his purſe is anſwerable for his perſon. Nay (quoth the Lord Cardinall) all his treaſure is little enough to maintaine warres againſt the Butterflyes. With that Jack ſhewed himſelfe unto the King, and priuately told his Grace of their griefe anew. To whom his Maieſtie ſaid: Giue thy attendance at the Councell Chamber, where thou ſhalt receiue an anſwer to thy content. And ſo his highneſſe departed. Finally, it was agreed that the Merchants ſhould freely traffick one with another: and that proclamation thereof ſhould be made as well on the other ſide of the ſea, as in our Land. But it was long before this was effected, by reaſon the Cardinall being Lord Chancellor, put off the matter from time to time. And becauſe the Clothiers thought it beſt not to depart before it was ended, they gaue their daily attendance at the Cardinals houſe: but ſpent many dayes to no purpoſe. Sometime they were anſwered, my Lord was buſie, and could not be ſpoke withall: or elſe he was aſleepe, and they durſt not wake him: or at his ſtudie, and they would not diſturbe him: or at his prayers, and they durſt not diſpleaſe him: and ſtill one thing or other ſtood in the way to hinder them. At laſt, Patch the Cardinals fole, being (by their often repaire thither) well acquainted with the Clothiers, came unto them and ſaid: What, haue you not ſpoken with my Lord yet? No truly (quoth they) we heare ſay he is buſie, and we ſtay till his Grace be at leaſure. Is it true, ſayd Patch? and with that in all haſte he went out of the hall, and at laſt came in againe with a great bundle of ſtraw on his backe. Why how now Patch (quoth the Gentlemen) what will thou do with that ſtraw? Mary (quoth he) I will put it under theſe honeſt mens feete, leſt they ſhould freeze ere they find my Lord at leiſure. This made them all to laugh, and cauſed Patch to cartie away his ſtraw againe. Wel, wel (quoth he) if it coſt you a groats worth of faggots at night, blame not me. Truſt me (ſaid Jack of Newberie) if my Lord

Cardinals father had beene no better in killing of Calves than hee is in dispatching of poore mens suites, I doubt he had never worne a Pyter. This hee spake betwixt themselves softly, but yet not so softly but that he was overheard by a flattering fellow that stood by, who made it knowne to some of the Gentlemen, and they straight certified the Cardinall thereof.

The Cardinall (who was of a very high spirit, and loftie aspiring minde) was marvailously displeased at Jacke of Newberie: wherefore in his rage hee commanded and sent the Clothiers all to prison, because the one of them should not sue for the others releasement. Foure daies lay these men in the Marshalsey, till at last they made their humble Petition to the King for their release: but some of the Cardinals friends kept it from the kings sight. Notwithstanding the Duke of Sommerset knowing thereof, spake with the Lord Cardinall about the matter, wishing he should spedily release them, lest it breed him some displeasure: for you may perceive (quoth the Duke) how highly the King esteemes men of that facultie. Sir (quoth the Cardinall) I doubt not but to answer their imprisonment well enough, being perswaded that none would have given mee such a quip but an heretike: and I dare warrant you, were this Jacke of Newberie well examined, hee would be found to be infected with Luthers spirit, against whom our King hath of late written a most learned booke: in respect whereof the Popes holinesse hath entituled his Majestie, Defender of the faith: therefore I tell you, such fellowes are fitter to be faggots for fire, than Fathers of families: notwithstanding (at your Graces request) I will release them. Accordingly the Cardinall sent for the Clothiers before him to White-hall, his new built house by Westminster, and there bestowing his blessing upon them, said: Though you have offended mee I pardon you: for as Steven forgave his enemies that stoned him, and our Saviour those sinfull men that crucified him, so doe I forgive you that high trespasse committed in disgrace of my birth: for herein doe men come nearest unto God, in shewing

mercie

mercy and compaſſion. But ſee hereafter you offend no more. Touching your ſute it is granted, and to morrow ſhall be publiſhed through London. This being ſaid, they departed: and according to the Cardinals words, their buſines was ended. The Stilliard merchants joyfull hereof, made the Clothiers a great banquet. After which each man departed home, carrying tydings of their good ſucceſſe: ſo that in ſhort ſpace, Clothing againe was very good, and poore men as well ſet on worke as before.

CHAP. 7.

How a young Italian Merchant comming to *Jack* of *Newberies* houſe, was greatly enamoured of one of his maidens, and how he was ſerved.

AMong other ſervants which Jacke of Newberie kept, there was in his houſe threeſcore maydens, which every Sunday waited on his Wife to Church and home againe, who had divers Offices. Among other, two were appointed to keepe the beames and waightes, to waigh out wooll to the Carders and Spinners, and to receive it in againe by waight: one of them was a comely maiden, faire and lovely, borne of wealthy parents, and brought up in good qualities, her name was Jone. So it was that a young wealthie Italian Merchant, comming oft from London thither to bargaine for cloth (for at that time clothiers moſt commonly had their cloth beſpoken, and halfe paid for aforehand.) This Maſter Benedicke fell greatly enamoured of this maiden, and therefore offered much curteſie to her, beſtowing many gifts on her, which ſhee received thankfully: and albeit his outward countenance ſhewed his inward affection, yet Jone would take no knowledge thereof. Halfe the day ſometime would he ſit by her, as ſhe was waighing wooll, often ſighing and ſobbing to himſelfe, yet ſaying nothing, as if hee had beene tongueleſſe, like the men of Coromandæ; and the lother to ſpeake, for that hee could ſpeake

but

but had english. Jone on the other side that well perceived his passions, did as it were triumph over him, as one that were bondslave to her beauty, and although shée knew well enough before that shée was faire, yet did shée never so highly estéeme of her selfe as at this present: so that when she heard him either sigh, or sob, or grone, she would turne her face in a carelesse sort, as if shee had béene borne (like the woman of Taprobana) without eares. When master Bennedick saw shée made no reckoning of his sorrows, at length hée blabbered out this broken English, and spake to her in this sort: Mettressa Jone, bee mee tra and fa, me love you wod all mine heart, and if you no shall love mee againe, mee know me shall die, sweete Mettressa love me; and by my fa and tra you shall laeke noting: First, me will give you de silke for make you a Frog. Second de fin fin Camree for make you ruffes, & de turd shal be for make fin hankercher, for wipe your nose. She mistaking his spéech began to be cholerick, wishing him to kéepe that bodkin to pick his téeth. Ho, ho Mettressa Jone (quoth he) be Got, you are angry. O Mettressa Jone be no chafe with your friene for noting. Good sir (quoth she) kéep your friendship for them that care for it, and fixe your love on those that can like you. As for mée, I tell you plaine, I am minded not to marrie. O tis no matter for marrie, if you will come in my chamber, beshit my bed, and let me kisse you. The maide though shée were very much displeased, yet at these words shée could not forbeare laughing for her life. Ah ha, Mettressa Jone, me is very glad to see you merrie, hould Mettressa Jone, hold your hand I say, and there is foure crowne because you laugh on me. I pray you Sir, kéepe your crownes, for I néede them not. Yes be Got you shall have them Mettressa Jone, to keep in pox for you. She, that could not well understand his broken language, mistooke his meaning in many things, & there fore wild him not to trouble her any more: Notwithstanding such was his love toward her, that he could not forbeare her company, but made many journeyes thither for her sake: & as a certain spring in Arcadia, makes men to starve that drinke of it: so

did

did poze Bennedicke feeding his fancie on her beautie: for when he was in London, he did nothing but sorrow, wishing he had wings like the monsters of Tartaria, that he might fly to & fro at his pleasure: when any of his friends did tell her of his ardent affection toward her, she wisht them to rub him with the sweat of a mule, to assuage his amorous passion, or to fetch him some of the water in Boetia, to cole & extinguish the heat of his affection: for, quoth she, let him never hope to be helpt by me. Wel, quoth they, before hee saw thy allurring face, he was a man reasonable and wise, but is now a starke fole, being by thy beauty bereft of wit, as if hee had drunke of the river Cea, & like bewitching Circes thou hast certainly transformed him from a man to an Asse. There are stones in Pontus, quoth they, that the deeper they bee laid in the water, the fiercer they burne: unto the which, fond Lovers may fitly be compared, who the more they are denied, the hotter is their desire: but seeing it is so, that he can find no favor at your hands, wee will shew him what you have said, and either draw him from his dumpes, or leave him to his owne will. Then spake one of the Weavers that dwelt in the Towne, and was a kinsman to this maid. I muse (quoth he) that maister Bennedicke will not bee perswaded, but like the Moath, will play with the flame that will scorch his wings. He thinkes hee should forbeare to love, or learne to speake, or else woo such as can answer him in his language, for I tell you that Jone my kinswoman is no taske for an Italian. These speeches were told to Bennedick with no small addition. When our young merchant heard the matter so plaine, he vowd to be revenged of the Weaver, and to trie if he could finde any more friendship of his wife: therefore dissembling his sorrow, and covering his grieke, with speede hee tooke his journey to Newberie, and pleasantly saluted Mistris Jone; and having his purse full of crownes, hee was very liberall to the workfolkes, especially to Jones kinsman, in so much that hee got his favour many times to goe forth with him, promising him very largely to doe great matters, and to lend him a hundred pound, wishing him to bee a servant no

longer, beside he liberally bestowed on his wife many gifts, and if she washt him but a band, he would give her an angel: if he did but send her child for a quart of Wine, he would give him a shilling for his paines. The which his curtesie changed the weavers mind: saying, he was a very honest Gentleman, and worthie to have one farre better than his kinswoman.

This pleased Master Bennedick well to heare them say so, notwithstanding he made light of the matter, and many times when the weaver was at his masters at worke, the Merchant would be at home with his wife, drinking and making merrie. At length, time bringing acquaintance, and often conference breeding familiaritie, master Bennedicke began somewhat boldly to jest with Gilian, saying, that her sight and sweete countenance had quite reclaimed his love from Jone, & that she only was the mistris of his heart: and if she would lend him her lode, he would give her gold from Arabia, orient pearls from India, and make her bracelets of precious diamonds. Thy garments shall be of the finest silke that is made in Venice: and thy purse shall still be stuft with angels. Tell me thy mind my love, and kill me not with unkindnesse, as did thy scornefull kinswoman, whose disdaine had almost cost me my life. O master Bennedicke, thinke not the wives of England can be wonne by rewards, or intised with faire words, as children are with Plums: it may be that you being merily disposed, do speake this to try my constancie. Know then that I esteeme more the honour of my good name, than the sliding wealth of the world. Master Bennedicke hearing her say so, desired her, that considering it was love which forced his tongue to bewray his hearts affection, that yet she would be secret, and so for that time take his leave. When he was gone, the woman began to call her wits together, and to consider of her poore estate, and withall the better to note the comelinesse of her person, & the sweet favour of her face: which when she had well thought upon, she began to harbour new thoughts & to entertaine contrarie affections, saying: Shall I content my

selfe

ſelfe to be wrapt in ſheepes ruſſet that may ſwime in ſilks, ſit all day carding for a groat, that may haue crownes at my command? No, quoth ſhe, I will no more beare ſo baſe a mind, but take fortunes fauours while they are to be had. The ſweet Roſe doth flouriſh but one moneth, no? Womens beauties but in young yéeres: as the winters froſt conſumes the Summer flowers, ſo doth old age baniſh pleaſant delight. O glorious gold, quoth ſhe, how ſweete is thy ſmell? how pleaſing is thy ſight? Thou ſubduest Princes, and ouerthrowest kingdomes, then how ſhould a ſilly woman withſtand thy ſtrength? Thus ſhe reſted meditating on preferment, minding to hazzard her honeſtie to maintaine her ſelfe in braberie, eben as traders corrupt their conſciences to gather riches. Within a day or two, maſter Bennedick came to her again, on whom ſhe caſt a ſmiling countenance: he perceiuing that, (according to his old cuſtome) ſent for Wine, and very merrie they were. At laſt in the midſt of their cups he caſt out his former queſtion: and after farther conference ſhe yéelded, and appointed a time when he ſhould come to her: for which fauour he gaue her halfe a dozen portigues: within an houre or two after, entring into her owne conſcience, bethinking how ſinfully ſhe had ſould her ſelfe to folly, began thus to expoſtulate. God Lord, quoth ſhé, ſhall I breake that holy vow which I made in marriage, and pollute my body which the Lord hath ſanctified? Can I breake the commandement of my God, & not reſt accurſed? or be a traytor to my husband, and ſuffer no ſhame? I heard once my brother read in a booke, that Bucephalus Alexanders ſteed, being a beaſt, would not be backt by any but the Emperour, and ſhall I conſent to any but my husband? Artemiſia being a heathen Lady, loued her husband ſo well, that ſhée drunke up his aſhes, and buried him in her owne bowels: and ſhould I, being a Chriſtian, caſt my husband out of my heart? The Women of Rome were wont to Crowne their husbands heads with bayes, in token of victory, and ſhall I giue my husband hornes in token of infamy? An harlot is hated of all vertuous people, and ſhall I

make my selfe a whore? O my God forgive my sin, quoth she, and cleanse my heart from these wicked imaginations, and as she was thus lamenting her husband came home. At whose sight her teares were doubled, like a River whose streame is increased by showers of raine. Her husband seeing this, would néeds know the cause of her sorrow: but a great while shée would not shew him, casting many a piteous looke upon him, and shaking her head at last she said; O my deare husband, I have offended against God and thée, and made such a trespasse by my tongue, as hath cut a déepe scarre in my conscience, and wounded my heart with griefe like a sword: like Penelope so have I béene woed, but like Penelope I have not answered. Why woman, quoth hée, what is the matter? If it be but the bare offence of the tongue why shouldest thou so gréeve? considering that womens tongues are like Lambes tayles, which seldome stand still: And the wise man saith, where much talke is, must néedes bée some offence. Womens beauties are faire markes for wandring eyes to shoot at: but as every Archer hits not the white, so every woer wins not his mistris favour. All Cities that are besieged, are not sackt, nor all women to be misliki't that are loved. Why Wife? I am perswaded thy faith is more firme, and thy constancie greater to withstand lovers alarumes, than that any other but my selfe should obtaine the fortresse of thy heart. O sweet husband (quoth she) we sée the strongest Tower at length falleth down by the Canons force, though the bullets be but iron: then how can the weake Bulwarke of a womans breast make resistance, when the hot Canons of deepe perswading words are shot off with golden bullets, and every one as big as a Portigue? If it be so wife, I may think my selfe in a good case, and you to be a very honest woman. As Mars and Venus daunst naked together in a net, so I doubt, you and some knave have plaid naked together in a bed: but in faith you quean, I will send thée to salute thy friends without a nose, and as thou hast sold thy honesty, so will I sell thy companie. Sweete Husband, though I have promised, I have performed nothing

thing: every bargaine is not effected, and therefore as Judas brought againe the thirtie silver plates, for the which he betraied his Maister: so repenting my folly, Ile cast him againe his gold, for which I should have wronged my husband. Tell me (quoth her husband) what he is? It is maister Bennedick quoth she: which for my love hath left the love of our kinswoman, and hath vowed himselfe for ever to live my servant. O dissembling Italian, quoth he, I will be revenged on him for this wrong. I know that any favour from Jone our kinswoman, will make him runne like a man bitten with a mad dog: therefore be ruled by me, and thou shalt see mée dresse him in his kinde: the woman was very well pleased, saying hée would be there that night. All this workes well with me, quoth her husband, and to supper will I invite Jone my kinswoman, and in the meane space make up the bed in the Parlour very decently. So the good man went forth, and got a sleepy drench from the Potticaries, the which he gave to a young sow, which hée had in his yard, and in the evening layd her down in the bed in the Parlour, drawing the curtaines round about. Supper time being come, maister Bennedick gave his attendance, looking for no other company but the good wife: Notwithstanding at the last mistresse Jone came in with her kinsman, and sate downe to supper with them. Maister Bennedicke musing at their sudden approach, yet nevertheless glad of mistresse Jones company, past the supper time with many pleasant conceits, Jone shewing her selfe that night more pleasant in his company than at any time before: therefore he gave the good man great thanks. God maister Bennedick, little do you thinke how I have travelled in your behalfe to my kinswoman, and much adoe I had to bring the pévish Wench into any good liking of your love: notwithstanding by my great diligence and perswasions, I did at length win her good will to come hither, little thinking to find you here, or any such good cheare to entertaine her, all which I sée so fallen out for your profit. But trust mée all the world cannot alter her minde, nor turne her love from you: In regard whereof she

hath promised me to lie this night in my house, for the great desire she hath of your good company: and in requitall of all your great curtesies shewed to me, I am very well content to bring you to bed. Marrie this you must consider, and so she bad me tell you, that you should come to bed with as little noise as you could, & tumble nothing that you find, for feare of her best gowne and her hat, which she will lay hard by the bed side, nere her best partlet, and in so doing you may have company with her all night, but say nothing in any case till you be a bed: O quoth hee, Matre Jan, bee Got Matre Jan, me will no spoyle her clothes for a towsand pound, ah me love Metre Jone more then my wife. Well, supper being done, they rose from the table. Master Bennedick imbracing mistresse Jone, thankt her for her great curtesie and company, and then the good man and he walkt into the towne, and Jone hied her home to her masters, knowing nothing of the intended jest. Master Bennedick thought every houre twaine till the sun was downe, and that he were a bed with his beloved. At last he had his wish, and home he came to his friends house. Then said John, master Bennedick you must not in any ease have a candle when you go into the chamber, for then my kinswoman will be angry, and darke places fit best Lovers desires. O Mr. Jan quoth he, tis no such matter for light, me shall find Metre Jone well enough in the darke. And entring in the parlour, groping about, he felt a gowne and hat. O Metre Jone (quoth hee) here is your gowne & hat, mee shall no hurt for a tousand pound. Then kneeling down by the beds side, in stead of mistris Jone, hee saluted the sow in this sort. O my love and my delight, it is thy faire face that hath wounded my hart, thy gray sparkling eyes, and thy lilly white hands, with the comely proportion of thy pretty body, that made me in seeking thee to forget my selfe, and to find thy favor lose my owne freedome: but now is the time come wherein I shall reape the fruits of a plentifull harvest. Now, my deare, from thy sweet mouth let me sucke the hony balme of thy breath, and with my hand stroke those soft cheekes of thine, wherein I have tooke such pleasure.

Come

Come with thy prettie lips and entertaine me into thy bed with one gentle kisse (why speakst thou not my sweet heart?) and stretch out thy Alabaster armes to infold thy faithfull friend. Why should ill pleasing sléepe close up the crystall windowes of thy body so fast, and bereave thée of thy fine Lordly attendants, wherewith thou wast wont to salute thy friends: let it not offend thy gentle eares that I thus talke to thée. If thou hast vowed not to speake, I will not breake it: & if thou wilt command me to be silent, I will be dumbe: but thou needest not feare to speake thy mind, séeing the cloudy night concealeth every thing. By this time maister Bennedicke was unready, and slipt into bed, where the Sow lay swathed in a sheet, and her head bound in a great linnen cloth. As soon as he was laid, he began to embrace his new bedfellow, and laying his lips somewhat nére her snowt, he felt her draw her breath very short. Why how now love (quoth he) be you sicke? Mistris Jone your breat be very strong: have you no cake a bed? The Sow féeling her selfe disturbed, began to grunt and kéepe a great stirre: whereat maister Bennedicke (like a mad man) ran out of bed, crying, de divel, de divell. The good man of the house (being purposely provided) came rushing in with halfe a dozen of his neighbors, asking what was the matter? Poh met (quoth Bennedicke) here be de great divell, crie hoh, hoh, hoh, be Gossen I tink dee play the knave wid mee, & mee will be revenged on you. Sir, quoth he, I knowing you love mutton thought porke nothing unfit, and therefore provided you a whole sow, and as you like this entertainment, spend Portignes. Walk, walke, Barkshire maids will be no Italians strumpets, nor the wives of Newberie their baudes. Barkshire dog (quoth Bennedicke) owle face, shacke, hang dou and dy veife, have it not be for me love to sweet Metresse Jone, I will no come in your houz: but farewell till I cash you, I shall make your hog nose bud: The good man and his neighbours laughing aloud, away went maister Bennedicke, and for very shame departed from Newberie before day.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Jacke* of *Newberie* keeping a very good house, both for his servants & reliefe of the poore, won great credit thereby, and how one of his wives gossips found fault therewith.

GOod morrow gossip, now by my truly I am glad to see you in health, I pray you how doth Master Winchomb? What never a great belly yet? now fie, by my sa your husband is wart idle. Trust me gossip, saith mistresse Winchcombe, a great belly comes sooner than a new coate, but you must consider we have not bin long married: but truly gossip you are welcome, I pray you sit down, and we will have a morsel of something by and by: nay truely gossip I cannot stay, quoth shee, indeed I must be gone: for I did but even step in to see how you did. You shall not chuse but stay a while, quoth mistris Winchcombe, and with that a faire napken was layd upon the little Table in the Parlour, hard by the fire side, whereon was set a fine cold Capon, with a great deale of other good cheere, with ale and wine plenty: I pray you gossip eate, & I beshrew you if you spare quoth the one, I thanke you heartily gossip saith the other. But heare you gossip, I pray you tell me: doth your husband love you well, & make much of you? yes truly I thanke God quoth she: now by my truth said the other, it were a shame for him if he should not: for though I say it before your face, though he had little with you, yet you were worthy to be as good a mans wife as his. Trust me I would not change my John for my lord Marquesse, quoth she: a woman can be but wel, for I live at hearts ease, and have all things at will, & truly he will not see me lacke any thing. Gods blessing on his heart quoth her gossip, it is a good hearing: but I pray you tell mee, I heard say your husband is chosen for our Burgesse in the Parliament house, is it true? Yes verily quoth his wife. I wis it is against his will; for it will be no small charges unto him: Tush woman, what talke you of that, thanks be to

God

God, there is never a Gentleman in all Barkshire that is better able to beare it. But heare you gossip, shall I bée so bold to aske you one question more? Yes, with all my heart quoth shée. I heard say that your husband would now put you in your hood, and silke gowne, I pray you is it true? Yes in truth, quoth mistresse Winchcombe, but far against my minde Gossip: my french hood is bought already, and my silke gowne is a making: likewise the Goldsmith hath brought home my chaine and bracelets: but I assure you gossip, if you will beléeve me, I had rather goe one hundred miles, than weare them: for I shall be so ashamed, that I shall not looke upon any of my neighbors for blushing. And why I pray you, quoth her gossip? I tell you, deare Woman, you need not be any thing abashed or blush at the matter, especially séeing your husbands estate is able to maintaine it: now trust me truly I am of opinion you will become it singular well. Alas, quoth mistresse Winchcombe, having never béene used to such attyre, I shall not know where I am, nor how to behave my selfe in it: and beside, my complexion is so blacke, that I shall carrie but an ill favoured countenance under a hood. Now without doubt (quoth her gossip) you are to blame to say so, beshrew my heart if I speake it to flatter, you are a very faire and well favored young woman as any is in Newberie. And never feare your behaviour in your hood: for I tel you true, as old & withred as I am my selfe, I could become a hood well enough, and behave my selfe as well in such attyre as any other whatsoever, and I would not learne of never a one of them all: what woman, I have béene a prettie wench in my dayes, and séene some fashions. Therefore you need not feare, séeing both your beautie and comely personage deserves no lesse than a french hood: and be of good comfort. At the first (possibly) folkes will gaze something at you: but be not you abashed for that, it is better they should wonder at your good fortune, than lament at your miserie: but when they have séene you two or three times in that attire, they will afterward little respect it: for every new thing at the first

 séemes

séemes rare, but being once a little used, it growes common. Surely Gossip you say true, (quoth she) and I am but a sole to be so bashfull: it is no shame to use Gods gifts for our credits: and well might my husband thinke me unworthy to have them, if I would not weare them: and though I say it, my hood is a faire one, as any woman weares in this Country, and my gold chaine and bracelets are none of the worst sort, and I will shew them you, because you shall give your opinion upon them: and therewithall shée stept into her chamber and fetcht them forth. When her gossip saw them, she said: Now beshrew my fingers but these are faire ones in déede. And when doe you meane to weare them gossip? At Whitsontide (quoth she) if God spare me life. I wish that well you may weare them, sayd her gossip, and I would I were worthy to be with you when you dresse your selfe, it should bée never the worse for you: I would order the matter so, that you should set every thing about your in such sort, as never a gentlewoman of them all should staine you. Mistresse Winchcombe gave her great thanks for her favour, saying, that if she néeded her helpe, she would be bold to send for her.

Then began her gossip to turne her tongue to another tune, and now to blame her for her great house kéeping. And thus she began: gossip, you are but a young woman, and one that hath had no great experience of the World, in my opinion you are something too lavish in expenses: pardon me good gossip, I speake but for good wil; and because I love you, I am the more bold to admonish you: I tell you plaine, were I the mistresse of such a house, having such large allowance as you have, I would save 20. pound a yéere that you spend to no purpose. Which way might that be (quoth mistris Winchcombe?) Indéed I confesse I am but a gréen huswife, and one that hath had but small triall in the world, therefore I should be very glad to learne any thing that were for my husbands profit, and my commoditie. Then listen to mée quoth she: You fede your folkes with the best of the béefe, and the finest of the wheate, which in my opinion

nion is a great ouerſight: neither doe I heare of any Knight in this countrie that doth it. And to ſay the truth, how were they able to beare that port which they doe, if they ſaued it not by ſome meanes? Come thither, and I warant you that you ſhall ſée but browne bread on the bord: if it bée wheat and rie mingled together, it is a great matter, and the bread highly commended: but moſt commonly they eate either barley bread, or rye mingled with peaſe, and ſuch like courſe graine: which is doubtleſſe but of ſmall price, and there is no other bread alloued, except at their owne bord. And in like manner for their meat, it is well knowne that neckes and points of beefe is their ordinarie fare: which becauſe it is commonly leane, they ſéeth therewith now and then a péece of bacon or porke, whereby they make their pottage fat, and therewith driue out the reſt with more content. And thus muſt you learne to doe. And beſide that, the mindriffes of the Oxen, and the chéekes, the ſheepes heads, and the gathers, which you giue away at your gate, might ſerue them well enough: which would be a great ſparing to your other meat, and by this meanes you would ſaue in the yeare much money, whereby you might the better maintaine your hoſt and ſilke gowne. Againe, you ſerue your folkes with ſuch ſuperfluities, that they ſpoile in manner as much as they eate: beléeue mee were I their Dame, they ſhould haue thinges more ſparingly, and then they would thinke it more daintie. Truſt me goſſip (quoth Miſtreſſe Winchcombe) I know your words in many things to be true: for my folkes are ſo corne fed, that we haue much adoe to pleaſe them in their diet: one doth ſay this is too ſalt: and another ſaith this is too groſſe, this is too freſh, and that too fat; and twentie faults they will find at their meales: I warrant you they make ſuch parings of their cheeſe, and keepe ſuch chipping of their bread, that their very oxes would ſerue two or three honeſt folkes to their dinner. And from whence I pray you proceedes that (quoth her Goſſip) but of to much plentie? But ſfaith were they my ſeruants, I would make them glad of the worſt crumme

they call away, and thereupon I drink to you, and I thanke you for my good cheere with all my heart. Much good may it doe you good gossip, said mistresse Winchcombe: and I pray you when you come this way, let us see you. That you shall verily quoth shee, and so away she went.

After this, mistresse Winchcombe toke occasion to give her folks shorter commons, and coarser meat than they were wont to have: which at length being come to the good mans eare, he was very much offended therewith, saying: I will not have my people thus pinch't for their victuals. Emptie platters make greedy stomackes, and where scarcity is kept, hunger is nourished: and therefore wife as you love me, let me have no more of this doings. Husband (quoth she) I would they should have enough: but it is sinne to sucker, and a shame to see the spoile they make: I could be very well content to give them their bellies full, and that which is sufficient, but it grieves me, to tell you true, to see how coy they are, and the small care they have in walking of things: and I assure you, the whole towne cries shame of it, and it hath bred me no small discredit for looking no better to it. Trust me no more, if I was not check't in my owne house about this matter, when my eares did burne to heare what was spoken. Who was it that check't thee? I pray thee tell me, was it not your old gossip, dame daintie, mistresse trip & goe? I believe it was. Why man if it were she, you know she hath beene an old house keeper, and one that hath knowne the world, and that she told me was for good will. Wife (quoth he) I would not have thee to meddle with such light braind housewives, and so I have told thee a good many times, and yet I cannot get thee to leave her company. Leave her company? why husband so long as she is an honest woman, why should I leave her company? She never gave me hurtfull counsell in all her life but alwayes hath beene ready to tell me things for my profit, though you take it not so. Leave her company? I am no gyrle, I would you should well know, to be taught what company I should keepe: I keepe none but honest company I warrant you. Leave her

company

company hetha? Alas poore soule, this reward she hath for her good will. I wis I wis, she is more your friend, than you are your owne. Well, let her be what she will, said her husband: but if she come any more in my house, she were as good no. And therefore take this for a warning. I would advise you: and so away he went.

CHAP. 9.

How a Draper in *London*, who owed *Jacke* of *Newberie* much money became bankrout, whom *Jacke* of *Newbery* found carrying a porters basket on his necke, and how he set him up againe at his own cost, which Draper afterward became an Alderman of *London*.

There was one Randoll Pert a Draper dwelling in Watling-streete, that owed Jacke of Newberie five hundred pounds at one time, who in the end fell greatly to decay, in so much that he was cast in prison, and his wife with her poore children turned out of doores. All his creditors except Winchcombe had a share of his goods, never releasing him out of prison, so long as he had one penny to satisfie them. But when this tidings was brought to Jacke of Newberies eare, his friends counselled him to lay his action against him. Nay (quoth he) if he be not able to pay me when he is at libertie, he will never be able to pay me in prison: and therefore it were as good for me to forbeare my mony without troubling him, as to adde more sorrow to his grieved heart and be never the nere. Misery is troden downe by many, and once brought low, they are seldom or never relieved: therefore he shall rest for me untouch't. I would to God he were cleare of all other mens debts, so that I gave him mine to begin the world againe. Thus lay the poore Draper a long time in prison, in which space his Wife, which before for daintinesse would not foule her fingers, nor turne her head aside, for feare of hurting the set of her neckenger, was glad to goe about and wash buckes at the Thames side,

and to be a chare-woman in rich mens houses, her soft hand was now hardened with scouring, and in stead of gold rings upon her lilly fingers, they were now filled with chaps, provoked by the sharpe lée and other drudgeries. At last, master Winchcombe being (as you heard) chosen against the Parliament a Burgesse for the towne of Newberie, and comming up to London for the same purpose, when hée was alighted at his Inne, hée left one of his men there to get a Porter to bring his trunke up to the place of his lodging. Poore Randol Pert, which lately before was come out of prison, having no other means of maintenance, became a Porter to carry burthens from one place to another, having on an old ragged doublet, and a torne paire of bréeches, with his hose out at the héeles, and a paire of old broken slip shoes on his fét, a rope about his middle in stead of a girdle, and on his head an old greasie cap, which had so many holes in it, that his haire started through it: who assone as he heard one call for a Porter, made answer straight: héere master, what is it that you would have carried? Marrie (quoth hée) I would have this Trunke borne to the spread Eagle at Ivie bridge. You shal, master (quoth he:) but what will you give me for my paines? I will give thée two pence. A penny more, and I will carrie it, sayd the Porter: and so being agréed, away he went with his burthen till hée came to the spread Eagle doore, where on a sudden, espying Master Winchcombe standing, he cast downe the Trunke, and ranne away as hard as ever he could. Master Winchcombe wondring what hée meant thereby, caused his man to runne after him, and to fetch him againe: but when he saw one pursue him, he ranne then the faster; and in running, héere he lost one of his slip shoes, and there another: ever loking behinde him, like a man pursued with a deadly weapon, fearing every twinkling of an eye to bée thrust thorow. At last his bréech, being tyed but with one point, what with the haste hée made, and the weakenesse of the thong, fell about his héeles: which so shackled him, that downe hée fell in the streete all along, sweating and blowing,

blowing, being quite worne out of breath: and so by this meanes the Serving man overtooke him, and taking him by the sleeve, being as windlesse as the other, stood blowing and puffing a great while ere they could speake one to another. Sirrah quoth the serving man, you must come to my master, you have broken his Trunke all to peeces, by letting it fall. O for Gods sake (quoth he) let me goe, for Christs sake let me goe, or else Master Winchcombe of Newberie will arrest me, and then I am undone for ever. Now by this time Jacke of Newberie had caused his Trunk to be carried into the house, and then he walked along to know what the matter was: but when he heard the porter say that he would arrest him, he wondred greatly, and having quite forgot Perts favour, being so greatly changed by imprisonment and povertie, he said, Wherefore should I arrest thee? tell me good fellow: for my owne part I know no reason for it. O Sir (quoth hee) I would to God I knew none neither. Then asking him what his name was: the poore man falling downe on his knees, said: God master Winchcombe beare with me, and cast me not into prison: my name is Pert, and I doe not denie but I owe you five hundred pound: yet for the love of God take pittie upon me. When Master Winchcombe heard this, he wondred greatly at the man, and did much pittie his miserie, though as yet he made it not knowne, saying: Passion of my heart man, thou wilt never pay me thus: never thinke by being a Porter to pay five hundred pound debt. But this hath your prodigalitie brought you to, your thriftlesse neglecting of your businesse, that set more by your pleasure than your profit. Then looking better upon him he said: What never a shoo to thy foot, hose to thy legge, band to thy necke, nor cap to thy head? O Pert this is strange; but wilt thou be an honest man, & give me a bil of thy hand for my money? Yes sir, with all my hart, quoth Pert. Then come to the Scriveners (quoth he) & dispatch it, and I will not trouble thee. Now when they were come thither, with a great many following them at their

heeles

héles, master Winchcombe said: Hearest thou Scrivener? this fellow must give mée a bill of his hand for five hundred pounds, I pray you make it as it should be. The Scrivener looking upon the poore man, and séeing him in that case, said to master Winchcombe: Sir, you were better to let it be a Bond, and have some sureties bound with him. Why Scrivener (quoth he) doest thou thinke this is not a sufficient man of himselfe for five hundred pound? Truly Sir (said the Scrivener) if you thinke him so, you and I are of two minds. Ile tell thée what (quoth Master Winchcombe) were it not that we are all mortall, I would take his word allone as his Bill or Bond; the honestie of a man is all. And wée in London (quoth the Scrivener) do trust bonds farre better than honestly. But Sir, when must this money be payed? Marry Scrivener when this man is Sheriffe of London. At that word the Scrivener & the people standing by laughed heartily, saying: In truth Sir make no more ador, but forgive him, as good to doe the one as the other. Nay beléeve mée (quoth he) not so: therefore doe as I bid you. Whereupon the Scrivener made the Bill to be paid when Randoll Pert was Sheriffe of London, and thereunto set his owne hand for a witnesse, and twenty persons more that stood by set to their hands likewise. Then hée asked Pert what he would have for carrying his trunk. Sir (quoth hée) I should have three pence, but séeing I finde you so kind, I will take but two pence at this time. Thanks good Pert quoth he: but for thy three pence, there is three shillings, and looke thou come to me to morrow morning betimes. The poore man did so, at what time master Winchcombe had provided him out of Burchinlaine, a faire suite of apparell, Merchant like, with a faire blacke cloak, and all other things fit to the same: then he tooke him a shop in Canweek street, and furnisht the same shop with a thousand pounds worth of cloath: by which meanes, and other favours that master Winchcombe did him, he grew againe into great credit, and in the end became so wealthy, that while

Master

maſter Winchcombe lived he was choſen Sheriffe, what time he payed five hundred pounds every pennie, and after dyed an Alderman of the Citie.

CHAP. X.

How *Jacke* of *Newberies* Servants were revenged of their Dames tattling Goſſip.

Upon a time it came to paſſe, when Maſter Winchcombe was farre from home, and his Wife gone abroad: That Miſtris many-better, dame tittle tattle, goſſip pinte-pot, according to her old cuſtome came to Miſtris VVinchcombes houſe, perfectly knowing of the good mans abſence, and little thinking the good wife was from home: where knocking at the gate, Tweedle ſtept out, and askt who was there? where haſtily opening the wicket, he ſodainely diſcovered the full proportion of this foule beaſt, who demanded if their Miſtris were within. What, miſtris Franke (quoth he) in faith welcome: how have you done a great while? I pray you come in. Nay, I cannot ſtay quoth ſhe: Notwithſtanding, I did call to ſpeake a word or two with your Miſtris: I pray you tell her that I am heere. So I will (quoth he) ſo ſoone as ſhe comes in. Then ſaid the Woman, what is ſhe abroad? Why then farewell good Tweedle: why, what haſte, what haſte, miſtris Franke (quoth he)? I pray you ſtay and drinke ere you goe, I hope a cup of new Sacke will doe your old belly no hurt: what (quoth ſhe) have you new ſacke already? Now by my honeſtie I drunke none this yeare, and therefore I doe not greatly care if I take a taſte before I goe: and with that ſhee went into the wine cellar with Tweedle, where firſt he ſet before her a piece of powdred beefe as greene as a leek: And then going into the kitchen, he brought her a piece of roſted beefe hot from the ſpit. Now certaine of the Maidens of the houſe and ſome of the young men, who had long before

determined to be revenged of this prating huswife, came into the Cellar one after another, one of them bringing a great piece of a gammon of Bacon in his hand: and every one bad miſtreſſe Franke welcome: and firſt one dranke to her, and then another, and ſo the third, the fourth, and the fift: ſo that Miſtreſſe Franks braines wart as mellow as a pippin at Michaelmas; and ſo light, that ſitting in the Cellar ſhe thought the world ran round. They ſeeing her to fall into merry humors, whetted her on in merriment as much as they could, ſaying: miſtreſſe Frank, ſpare not I pray you, but thinke your ſelfe as welcome as any woman in Newberie, for we have cauſe to love you, becauſe you love our miſtris ſo well. Now I aſſure you, quoth ſhe (liſping in her ſpeech, her tongue waring ſomewhat too big for her mouth) I love your miſtreſſe well indeed, as if ſhe were my owne daughter. Nay but heare you, quoth they, ſhe begins not to deale well with us now. No my Lambs quoth ſhe, why ſo? Becauſe quoth they, ſhe ſeekes to bar us of our allowance, telling our Maſter that he ſpends too much in houſekeeping. Nay then (quoth ſhe) your miſtreſſe is an Aſſe, and a foole: and though ſhe goe in her hood, what care I? ſhe is but a girle to mee: twittle twattle, I know what I know: Go to, drinke to me. Well Tweedle, I drinke to thee with all my heart, why thou whoreſon when wilt thou be married? O that I were a yong wench for thy ſake: but tis no matter, though I be but a poore woman, I am a true woman. Hang dogs. I have dwelt in this Towne theſe thirtie winters. Why then, quoth they, you have dwelt here longer than our Maſter. Your Maſter quoth ſhee? I knew your Maſter a boy, when he was called Jacke of Newberie; I Jacke, I knew him called plain Jacke: & your Miſtreſſe, now ſhe is rich & I am poore, but tis no matter, I knew her a draggle tayle girle, marke yee? But now, quoth they, ſhe takes upon her luſtily, and hath forgot what ſhe was. Tuſh, what will you have of a greene thing quoth ſhee? Heere I drink to you, ſo long as ſhe goes where ſhe list a gollipping: and tis

no

no matter, little said is soone amended: but heare you my masters, though mistresse Winchcombe goe in her hood, I am as good as she, I care not who tell it her: I spend not my husbands money in cherries and codlings: go to, go to, I know what I say well enough: I am sure I am not drunk: mistresse Winchcombe, mistresse? No Nan Winchcombe, I will call her name, plaine Nan: what, I was a woman, when she was scarce a paltrie girle, though now she goes in her hood and chain of gold: what care I for her: I am her elder, and I know more of her tricks: nay I warrant you, I know what I say, tis no matter, laugh at me and spare not. I am not drunke I warrant: and with that being scant able to hold open her eyes, shee began to nodde, and to spill the wine out of the glasse: which they perceiving let her alone, going out of the cellar till she was sound asleepe, and in the meane space they devised how to finish this peece of knavery. At last they consented to lay her forth at the backside of the house, halfe a mile off, euen at the foote of a stile, that whosoever came next over might finde her: notwithstanding, Tweedle stayed hard by to see the end of this action. At last comes a notable clowne from Greneham, taking his way to Newbery, who comming hastily over the stile stumbled at the Woman, and fell downe cleane over her: but in the starting up, seeing it was a woman, cryed out, alas, alas. How now? what is the matter quoth Tweedle? O quoth he here lies a dead Woman. A dead woman quoth Tweedle? thats not so I trow, and with that he tumbled her about: bones of me quoth Tweedle, tis a drunken Woman, and one of the Towne undoubtedly: surely it is great pittie she should lie heere. Why doe you know her quoth the Clowne? no not I, quoth Tweedle: nevertheless, I will give thee halfe a groat and take her in thy Basket, and carry her throughout the Towne, and see if any body know her. Then said the other, let me see the mony and I will: For by the Masse che earnd not halfe a groat this great while. There it is quoth Tweedle: then the

fellow put her in his basket, and so lifted her upon his backe. Now by the masse she stinkes vilely of drinke or wine, or some thing: but tell me, what shall I say, when I come into the towne, quoth he? First, quoth Tweedle, I would have thee so soone as ever thou canst goe to the townes end, with a lustie voyce, to cry O yes: and then say, who knowes this woman, who? And though possibly some will say, I know her, and I know her, yet do not thou set her downe till thou comest to the market Crosse, and there use the like wordes: and if any be so friendly, to tell thee where she dwels, then just before her doore crie so againe: and if thou performe this bravely, I will give thee halfe a groat more. Master Tweedle (quoth he) I know you well enough, you dwel with Master Winchcombe, do you not? Well, if I doe it not in the nick, give me never a pennie: And so away he went till he came to the Townes end, and there he cryes out as boldly as any Baylifes man, O yes, who knowes this woman, who? then said the drunken woman in the Basket, her head falling first on one side, and then on the other side, Who co me, who? Then said shee againe. Who knowes this woman, who? Who co me, who (quoth she)? and looke how oft she spake the one, she spake the other: saying still Who co me, who co me, who? Whereat all the people in the streete fell into such a laughing, that the teares ran downe againe. At last one made answer, saying: good fellow she dwels in the North broke street, a little beyond master Winchcombes. The fellow hearing that, goes downe thither in all haste, and there in the hearing of a hundred people, cries: Who knowes this woman, who? whereat her husband comes out, saying: Marry that doe I to well God helpe me. Then sayd the Clowne, if you know her, take her; for I know her not but for a drunken beast: and as her husband tooke her out of the Basket, she gave him a sound bore on the eare, saying: What you Maranes, doe you mocke me? and so was carried in. But the next day, when her braines

were

were quiet, & her head cleared of these foggie vapours, she was so ashamed of her selfe, that she went not forth of her doores a long time after: and if any body did say unto her, Who come, who? She would be so mad and furious, that she would be ready to draw her knife and to stick them, and scold as if she strove for the best game at the cucking stole. Moreover, her prattling to Mistresse Winchcombes folks of their mistresse, made her on the other side to fall out with her, in such sort that she troubled them no more, either with her companie or her counsell.

CHAP. XI.

How one of *Jacke* of *Newberies* maydens became a Ladie.

AT the winning of Morlesse in France the noble Earle of Surrey, being at that time Lord high Admirall of England, made many Knights: among the rest was Sir George Rigley, brother to Sir Edward Rigley, and sundrie other, whose valours farre surpasse their wealth: so that when peace bred a scarcity in their purse, and that their credits grew weake in the Citie, they were inforced to ride into the countrie, where at their friends houses they might have favourable welcome, without coyne or grudging. Among the rest, Jacke of Newberie, that kept a table for all commers, was never lightly without many such guests: where they were sure to have both welcome and good cheere, and their mirth no lesse pleasing than their meat was plentie. Sir George having lyen long at bord in this brave yeomans house, at length fell in liking of one of his maidens, who was as faire as she was kind.

This luskie wench he so allured with hope of marriage, that at length she yéelded him her love, and therewithall bent her whole studie to worke his content: but in the end she so much contented him, that it wrought altogether her owne discontent: to become high, she laid her selfe so low, that the Knight suddenly fell over her, which fall became the rising of her belly: but when this wanton perceived her selfe to be with child, she made her moane unto the Knight, saying:

Ah sir George, now is the time to performe your promise, or to make me a spectacle of infamy to the whole world for ever: in the one, you shal discharge the duty of a true Knight; but in the other, shew your selfe a most perjured person: small honour will it be to boast in the spoyle of poore maidens, whose innocencie all good Knights ought to defend. Why, thou lewd paltrie thing quoth he, commest thou to father thy bastard upon me? Away ye dunghill carrion, away: heare you good huswife, get you among your companions, and lay your litter where you list, but if you trouble me any more, trust me thou shalt dearely abid it: and so bending his browes like the angry god of warre, he went his wayes leaving the child breeding wench to the hazzard of her fortune, either good or bad.

This poore maiden seeing her selfe for her kindnesse thus cast off, shed many teares of sorrow for her sinne, inveighing with many bitter groans, against the inconstancie of love alluring men. And in the end, when she saw no other remedie, shee made her case knowne unto her mistresse: who after she had given her many checks and taunts, threatning to turne her out of doores, she opened the matter to her husband.

So soone as he heard thereof, he made no more to doe, but presently posted to London after sir George, & found him at my Lord Admirals. What master Winchcombe (quoth he) you are heartily welcome to London, and I thanke you for

for my good there: I pray you how doth your good wife, & all our friends in Barkshire? All well and merrie, I thanke you good Sir George, quoth he: I left them in health, and hope they do so continue. And trust me sir (quoth he) having earnest occasion to come up to talke with a bad debter, in my journey it was my chance to light in company of a gallant widow: a Gentlewoman she is of wonderous good wealth, whom grisly death bereft of a kinde husband, making her a Widow ere she had beene halfe a yeare a wife: her land sir George, is as well worth a hundred pound a yeare as one penny, being as faire and comely a creature as any of her degree in our whole country: Now sir, this is the worst; by the reason that she doubts her selfe to be with child, she hath vowed not to marry these xii. moneths: but because I wish you well, and the Gentlewoman no hurt, I came of purpose from my businesse to tell you thereof: Now sir George, if you thinke her a fit wife for you, ride to her, woo her, winne her, and wed her. I thanke you good Master Winchcombe (quoth he) for your favour ever toward me: and gladly would I see this young Widow if I wist where: She dwels not halfe a mile from my house, quoth Master Winchcombe, and I can send for her at any time if you please.

Sir George hearing this, thought it was not best to come there, fearing Joane would father a child upon him, and therefore said, hee had no leasure to come from my Lord: But, quoth he, would I might see her in London, on the condition it cost me twenty nobles: Tush, sir George (quoth Master Winchcombe) delay in love is dangerous, and he that will woo a Widow, must take time by the forelocke, and suffer none other to step before him, lest hee leape without the Widows love. Notwithstanding, seeing now I have tolde you of it, I will take my gelding and get mee home, if I heare of her comming to London, I wil send you word, or perhaps come my selfe: till when adieu

good

good sir George. Thus parted Master Winchcombe from the knight: and being come home, in short time he got a faire Taffetie gowne, and a french hood for his maide, saying: Come ye drab, I must be faine to cover a foule fault with a faire garment, yet all will not hide your great belly: but if I finde meanes to make you a Lady, what wilt thou say then? O Master (quoth she) I shall be bound while I live to pray for you. Come then minion (quoth her mistris) and put you on this gowne & french hood: for seeing you have lien with a knight, you must needs bee a gentlewoman: the maid did so, and being thus attired, shee was set on a faire gelding, and a couple of men sent with her up to London: and being well instructed by her master and dame what she should do, she toke her journey to the Citie in the Terme time, and lodged at the Bell in the Strand: and mistresse Loveleese must be her name, for so her Master had warned her to call her selfe: neither did the men that waited on her, know the contrary, for Master Winchcombe had borrowed them of their Master, to wait upon a friend of his to London, who could not spare any of his owne servants: at that time notwithstanding they were appointed, for the Gentlewomans credit, to say they were her owne men. This being done, Master Winchcombe sent sir George a Letter, that the Gentlewoman which he told him of, was now in London, lying at the Bell in the Strand, having great businesse at the Terme.

With which newes Sir Georges heart was on fire till such time as he might speake with her: three or foure times went he thither, and still shee would not be spoken withall: the which close keeping of her selfe, made him the more earnest in his suite.

At length he watcht her so narrowly, that finding her going forth in an evening, he followed her, shee having one man before, and another behinde: carrying a very stately gate in the street, it drove him into the greater liking

king of her, being the more urged to utter his minde. And suddenly stepping before her, he thus saluted her. Gentlewoman God save you, I have often beene at your lodging, and could never finde you at leisure. Why sir, quoth shee (counterfeiting her naturall speech) have you any businesse with me? Yes faire Widow, quoth hee; as you are a client to the law, so am I a suter for your love: and may I finde you so favourable to let me plead my owne case at the bar of your beauty, I doubt not but to unfold so true a tale as I trust will cause you to give sentence on my side. You are a merrie Gentleman, quoth shee: But for my owne part I know you not; nevertheless, in a case of love, I will be no let to your sute, though perhaps I helpe you little therein. And therefore Sir, if it please you to give attendance at my lodging, upon my returne from the Temple, you shall know more of my mind, and so they parted. Sir George receiving hereby some hope of good happe, stayed for his deare at her lodging doore: whom at her comming she friendly greeted, saying: Surely Sir, your diligence is more than the profit you shall get thereby: but I pray you how shall I call your name? George Regly (quoth he) I am called, and for some small deserts I was knighted in France. Why then Sir George (quoth she) I have done you too much wrong to make you thus dance attendance on my worthlesse person. But let me bee so bold to request you to tell me, how you came to know me: for my owne part I cannot remember that ever I saw you before. Mistris Loveless (sayd Sir George.) I am well acquainted with a good neighbour of yours, called Master Winchcombe, who is my very good friend, and to say the truth you were commended unto me by him. Truly sir George, sayd she, you are so much the better welcome: Nevertheless, I have made a vow not to love any man for this twelve moneths space. And therfore Sir, till then I would wish you to trouble your selfe no further in this matter till

that time be expired: and then if I finde you be not intangled to any other, and that by triall I finde out the truth of your love, for Master Winchcombes sake your welcome shall be as good as any other Gentlemans whatsoever.

Sir George having received this answer was wonderous woe, cursing the day that ever he medled with Joane, whose time of deliverance would come long before a twelve Moneth were expired, to his utter shame, and overthrow of his good fortune: for by that meanes should hee have master Winchcombe his enemie, and therewithall the losse of this faire Gentlewoman. Wherefore to prevent this mischiefe he sent a Letter in all haste to master Winchcomb, requesting him most earnestly to come up to London, by whose perswasion hee hoped straight to finish the marriage. Master Winchcombe fulfilled his request, and then presently was the marriage solemnized at the Tower of London, in presence of many Gentlemen of Sir Georges friends. But when hee found it was Joane whom hee had gotten with child, hee fretted and fumed, stampt and star'd like a divell. Why (quoth M. Winchcombe) what néeds all this? Came you to my table to make my maide your strumpet? had you no mans house to dishonor but mine? Sir, I would you should well know, that I account the poorest wench in my house too good to be your whore, were you ten knights: and séeing you take pleasure in making her your wanton, take it no scorne to make her your wife: and use her well too, for you shall heare of it. And hold thée Joane (quoth he) there is a hundred pounds for thee: And let him not say thou comst to him a begger. Sir George séeing this, and withall casting in his mind what a friend Master Winchcombe might bée to him, taking his wife by the hand gave her a loving kisse, and Master Winchcombe great thankes. Whereupon he willed him for two yeares space to take his diet and his Ladies at his house: which the Knight accepting rode straight with his

his wife to Newberie. Then did the Mistris make curtsie to the Maid, saying: you are welcome Madam, giving her the upper hand in all places. And thus they lived afterward in great joy: and our King, hearing how Jacke had matcht sir George, laughing heartily thereat, gave him a living for ever, the better to maintaine my Lady his Wife.

FINIS.